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Selections.

From the Liberator.

PROGRESS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

Although it saddens the humane mind to know that, during the last ten years, slavery in this country has not only withstood all the vigorous assaults that have been made upon it, but greatly increased the number of its victims; yet it is in the highest degree cheering to know that a vast amount of *preparatory* work has been performed for the subversion of that dreadful system—that anti-slavery means and influences have continued steadily and rapidly to increase—and that the advocates of immediate and unconditional emancipation have multiplied from a truly insignificant number to a mighty host. If it took Wilberforce and Clarkson, with all the philanthropy and religion which they could rally to the side of bleeding humanity, *more than twenty years* to make the foreign slave trade an illegal practice—if it required *more than half a century* of active and laborious effort to achieve the total overthrow of British West India slavery—the surprise of every intelligent mind must be, not that American slavery still continues to pollute our soil, but that such astonishing progress has been made towards effecting its downfall. Its existence in this country, was almost coeval with that of the first pilgrim settlement. Since the United States became an independent republic, it has received national protection, encouragement, support. Stock is held in it, in all parts of the country. It is an element that pervades and controls every branch of industry,—as decisively in the free, as in the slaveholding States. It has obtained such power and mastery, that the religion and politics of the nation, are the mere vassals of its will. It has created so loathsome, and dreadful a prejudice against all persons of African descent, (particularly all such as are not slaves,) that they are treated as the off-scouring of all things, by common consent. Now, a system which has thus grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of a young and flourishing republic, for a period of two hundred years, is not to be crushed, if morally attempted, by a single blow, but by patient toil, unwavering faith, and protracted exertion. Nor is the spirit of caste easily destroyed in any country; and wherever it exists, or in whatever form, it furnishes one of the most serious obstacles, which Christianity has to encounter. The Brahminical caste in India, is not more haughty, or malignant, than American prejudice, against a sable complexion. The missionaries in India, know how extremely difficult, how almost impracticable it is, to induce the natives to become Christians, on account of their dread of losing caste; and all who, in this country, have dared to treat the colored race with respect and courtesy, as members of the great human family, know, from bitter experience, how such conduct is generally regarded. The overthrow of American prejudice, therefore, must necessarily be the work of many years, even under the most favorable circumstances. Being generated and fostered by slavery, not much progress can be made in its extirpation, until slavery itself be destroyed.

To those who are ignorant of the philosophy of reform, or who are afraid or unwilling to espouse an unpopular cause, it may seem as if money, time, talent, effort, are expended to very little purpose by the abolitionists. They often tauntingly ask, "What have you done?" as though nothing whatever had been accomplished. They walk by sight—and they see that the slave system is still apparently impregnable. They see, moreover, that, within the last ten years, more than half a million of slaves has been added to the capital stock. "And this, ye misguided abolitionists!" they exclaim, "is the measure of your success! Abandon your insane project! Your toil is as hopeless, as was that of Sysiphus! Your measures are all wrong—your hopes are all delusive!" When these scoffers observe the friends of emancipation pressing forward, undismayed by opposition, they are amazed at their infatuation; but when they hear them asserting that they are "on the full tide of successful experiment," that everything is working advantageously for their cause, that they have already given the death-blow to the monster, slavery, and that certain victory is near at hand, these blind cavillers are appalled at such audacity, and shocked at such a wanton disregard of truth!

In every great reform, there is a vast amount of *preliminary* toil to be performed, which, though it seems to produce no effect upon the object to be cast down, is really not only all that can, but all that need be done in point of time, to secure victory. Every gigantic system of crime is surrounded by numerous outposts, which are not easily vanquished, which serve to prolong the conflict and to prevent a general engagement, and which constitute, in fact, the chief barriers to success. When these have been successively carried, the citadel is conquered without much loss or difficulty.

Perhaps there has never been a reform,—certainly none since the days of Luther,—hemmed in, at its commencement, with more difficulties, or started under more hopeless auspices, or less likely to obtain a strong and rapid growth, than the anti-slavery reform. Slavery, though a local institution, was an omnipresent power. To its omniscience, the attribute of omnipotence seemed to be very closely allied. It had its spies, its informers, its paid tools, its volunteer friends, its interested partisans, its influential patrons, its commercial connections, its family relationships, its political bankers, its religious retainers, in all parts of the republic. Whatever sentiment was uttered in opposition to its supremacy, or whatever movement was made for its subversion,—however humble the individual by whom that sentiment might be uttered, or however insignificant the party by whom that movement might be made,—was sure to be noted down, and to bring speedy retribution along with it. It was found to be literally true, in a thousand cases, that a man's foes were they of his own household. He who dared to be, and to avow himself an abolitionist, made up his mind to lose a respectable position in society, and to be covered with reproachful epithets. Popularity, reputation, influence, property, and even personal safety, were all periled by him who lifted up his voice in favor of immediate and universal emancipation. It was a disgusting offense, an enormous crime, to insist upon the equality of the colored man with the white, and to call for the banishment of prejudice. The spirit of slavery was vigilant to detect insubordination, at all hours, in all places, under all guises. Its *espionage* was universal, perfect, frightful. It travelled in all steamboats, sailing-packets, railroad cars, and other public conveyances, and carefully marked every one who ventured to question its divine origin. It held almost every printing-press under its control. It ruled at every caucus, and decided every election. It had subjugated nearly every pulpit in the land, and priest and politician were alike its defenders. On change, its praises were shouted by all voices. All professions, from the highest to the lowest—all trades, from the most lucrative to the least remunerative—were influenced by it. It poisoned the mind of the Maine wood-cutter, by the side of the North-eastern boundary—it blinded the vision of the dweller on the granite range of New Hampshire—it palsied the understanding of the sturdy farmer on the Green Mountains of Vermont—it subjugated the spirit of the western emigrant on the very borders of Mexico. This was the terrible power to be grappled with, and borne down to the earth!

When a nation is to be reformed, the first thing, *in order*, is to arouse it from its slumber of moral death: and when this is accomplished—when the trump of reformation has startled every sleeper, and agitated every bosom, and the people are compelled to listen to unwelcome truth—the reformation may be said to have made a mighty stride onward. But to effect even this one object, much time, much exertion, and a large expenditure of means, are necessary.

If, then, the honest inquirer would know, whether the abolitionists have made any progress,—and if he would correctly measure their success, by the amount of the means and efforts they have put forth,—let him inquire into the condition of the nation when the anti-slavery trump first gave a full and certain sound.

What, then, was that condition?

So far as the free States were concerned, no other interest was felt in the question of slavery, or in the condition of the free colored population, than was manifested in a blind support of the nefarious scheme of African expatriation, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. The people were in gross darkness and profound apathy, in regard to the facts of slavery, and to the relation which, ecclesiastically, religiously, politically and, constitutionally, they sustained to that system. The idea of getting rid of the objects of their prejudice and cruelty, by transporting them to the coast of Africa, was exceedingly agreeable; and clothed as it was, with the pretense of a religious concern for the spiritual regeneration of a benighted continent, it served to lull them into a profound slumber. Further than this, they knew nothing, and cared nothing about their duties and responsibilities, as the members of a republic which held in captivity a frightful portion of the inhabitants. An anti-slavery sermon was never heard from the pulpit. The press was equally dumb. The entire North lay crouching in fear, under the overshadowing power of slavery—spell-bound, palsied, death-struck.

Behold how great, how wonderful, how universal the change! A small body of men, without influence, without wealth, almost without any means—at first, regarded with contempt, laughed at as fanatics, stigmatized as incendiaries, persecuted as criminals—have galvanized the whole country, and so thoroughly aroused the people to a sense of their perilous condition, that they can never slumber again until the last vestige of slavery be removed, or the exterminating judgments of the Almighty, make the United States as Admah and Zeboim. The great task of waking up a nation, "dead in trespasses and sins," in order to make it hear and know the truth, by the reception of which alone it can be saved, has been effectually performed. The sea of agitation, is rising higher and higher; the storm of excitement is increasing in power and sublimity; the land is reeling from the earthquake shocks of the conflicting moral elements. The abolition of slavery is the all-pervading subject of conversation, discussion, inquiry, and speculation, from one end of the country to the other. All political, all religious, all legislative bodies, are compelled to give it their serious attention, and to take some kind of action upon it.

If the friends of the anti-slavery enterprise have done nothing else, in stirring up this unprecedented national excitement, they have done a work at which all marvel, and which ensures the speedy downfall of the slave system. It is, in itself, the first, most important, and longest step toward a great and final victory.

But the nation has not been merely thrown into a state of high excitement. An immense amount of information, respecting the origin, nature, and tendency of slavery, has been spread before the people of the non-slaveholding States, in the shape of tracts, pamphlets, books, newspapers, lectures, and other forms of publication. Without this information, the national agitation would have quickly subsided, and a fatal relapse been the consequence. To scatter it broadcast has required no small amount of money. But let it be remembered that the anti-slavery enterprise was commenced without pecuniary means, and that the first newspaper enlisted in its defense, had not a single subscriber, on the issuing of its first number. If, since that period, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the cause, and abolition intelligence has been diffused in all parts of the land, it furnishes decisive proof that great progress has been made toward the overthrow of slavery.

Another fact, equally important, deserves the serious consideration of those who imagine, or affect to believe, that the abolitionists have made no impression on the slave system, if they have not positively retarded the progress of emancipation. The number of actual slave owners in the United States, it is believed, does not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand—less than the population of a single northern city. So small a body, could not hold nearly three millions of slaves in bondage, without the physical co-operation of other parts of the country. Upon that co-operation, the southern planters rely; and the withdrawal of it would be equivalent to a proclamation in favor of immediate and universal emancipation. Every intelligent man knows, and every honest man will readily concede, that the moment the overwhelming physical force of the North, shall cease to be pledged to the South against slave insurrections, that moment will the slaves be able to recover their lost liberties. The slave system is guarded by northern bayonets, and the entire strength of the Union exerted to sustain it. The partners in this oppressive and bloody speculation are the North and the South—with this important difference: the North is the principal, and the South the agent. Hence, the abolitionists have made no direct efforts to abolitionize the South. They have been often taunted, it is true, for not going to the South, and sarcastically commended for their prudence and forecast. But they have cared nothing for the jeers of the ignorant, or the insinuations of the vile. It is not because they have not had the courage to cross Mason and Dixon's line, that they have confined their attention primarily, and almost exclusively to the North; but because they have clearly seen, from the commencement of their labors, by whom the slave system is upheld—who is the active partner in the concern—and where repentance and reformation must first take place. Even supposing that they could have safely labored in the South, of what avail would it have been for northern men to have gone thither, and upbraided her for her crimes, while they left the still more guilty North, to go unrebuked? Can a stream rise higher than the fountain? Why should we go to the South, if slavery lives only by northern power and patronage? if slaveholding, is no bar to Christian communion and fellowship at the North? if prejudice against a colored complexion, is more rampant on this, than on the other side of the Potomac? if northern divinity and politics are enlisted on the side of the southern taskmaster? The reproach is unjust, and indicates a mind devoid of common sense, and ignorant of sound philosophy, if not murderous in spirit. If the abolitionists are cowards, who are the brave? If they are not laying the axe at the root of the Upas tree, why do the advocates and supporters of slavery, tremble at the sound of their blows? If they are not laboring in the right quarter, in the right way, and in the most successful manner, how shall the fact be accounted for, that the whole body of slave owners and their abettors are furiously hostile to their proceedings, and the whole colored population are warmly enlisted in their favor?

The proposition being demonstrable, that it is solely by the assistance of the North, that southern slavery is upheld on the American soil, the question, whether the abolitionists have made any progress, and to what extent, toward the accomplishment of their purposes, is to be settled, not exclusively, or directly, by an appeal to the South, but by comparing the state of things at the North, in 1830, in relation to this matter, with that in 1842. Now, if it can be shown that, during that period, a mighty change has taken place in public sentiment, in all the free States, in favor of immediate emancipation; that the anti-slavery movement has been steadily, and rapidly growing in majesty and power, so that Church and State, are fast becoming influenced by it to take right action on the subject of slavery; that thousands of societies, embracing persons of all sects and parties, have been organized, expressly to break the slaveholding alliance between the North and the South, and to let the enslaved go free; that anti-slavery presses have been established in nearly every free State; that legislation has, in various instances, come to the rescue of bleeding humanity; that thousands of petitions, signed by hundreds of thousands of persons, have been sent to Congress, praying that no national countenance or support, may be given to slavery, or the slave trade; that various presbyteries, synods, conferences and churches have branded the act of slaveholding as a flagrant sin against God, and withdrawn Christian fellowship from those who subject their fellow-creatures to bondage;—if these, and a thousand other facts, equally cheering and decisive, can be shown, (and they are notoriously true,) it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the mighty prop, which has so long sustained the slave system, is about to fall, and that the jubilee of enfranchised humanity is not a remote event.

The anti-slavery agitation is increasing daily, and converts to our sacred cause are multiplying in every direction. This is conceded even by the southern press. It is one of those revolutions that never go backward. It is a struggle for the rights of man—for freedom:

> "And freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

Upon what is the South relying for quietude, or defense? She is in the wrong, and therefore can have no repose. She has no moral power to wield in a contest like this, and therefore cannot defend herself from the moral assaults of the abolitionists. She cannot expect either to outweary or to overawe the friends of impartial liberty; they will trouble her conscience, and expose her crimes, and baffle her machinations, and from her violence acquire new strength. They will allow nothing to deter them from seeking the immediate and entire emancipation of every American slave. Never were men more in earnest. Let the South hear, and take warning! At present, the case stands thus: There are multitudes at the North, whose abhorrence of the slave system leads them to refuse the use of slave grown productions. There are hundreds of thousands who are united, in an associated form, to do all that in them lies, to overturn the entire slave system, in a moral, peaceable and constitutional manner. There are numerous vigilance committees, which are expressly organized to give succor and advice to all runaway slaves from the great prison-house of bondage; and these are aided by many, who do not wish to be classed among the abolitionists. There are tens of thousands, who will never, in case of a slave insurrection, fight either personally, or by proxy, against men who are struggling to break the fetters of tyranny. There are multitudes who have sundered their political and religious connection with the South, and washed their hands of all participation in that unrighteous and dreadful compact, by which northern liberty and Christianity, were chained to the car of southern slavery. At the communion table of many a church, no slaveholder is allowed to make his appearance. Facts like these, should be soberly pondered by the South. They are not to be treated sportively, or derisively, or sceptically. There is but one remedy for this state of things—namely, the total and immediate abolition of slavery. This will be peaceful, safe, profitable. Why does the South, hesitate or linger, in such an emergency? What will she gain, what will she not lose, by delay?

From the Standard of August 13, 1840.

ABOLITION AND POLITICS.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON.

If we saw a man laboring to raise a ponderous stone from the earth, in which it had been imbedded for centuries, the only one within reach, of which to make the corner-stone of some grand projected temple, we should bestow deep thought upon the most effectual means of removing it to the determined spot. We should be pained to see him laboring to lift it with his bare, unaided hands. We should see that a temporary success in raising it by this means, would only be the preparation for a more complete and crushing destruction. We should suggest that an ounce weight at the end of a lever would effect more than a direct application of his whole strength.

And so it is with the plan of independent nominations. Such an application of the abolition power is like the naked strength of a man applied to Stonehenge—a heedless haste—a self-defeating attempt. The effect is unfortunate alike on abolitionists, their candidates, and the pro-slavery community.

That the enterprise could not have been commenced in this manner, is universally conceded, even by those who affirm the "religious duty of voting." Ten years since, when there was only one man sufficiently interested in this question, as a question of reform, to make a continuous effort, it would have been confessedly ridiculous for him to have done so. Mr. Birney, notwithstanding his high ideas of religious obligation on the subject of voting, even justifies the American Society in having omitted at its inception, the measure of independent nominations. His ideas of policy and of duty are at variance on the subject; for his policy forbade him to raise a standard that none were ready to support; while duty, in his sense of it, required one to be raised. But this question being an antecedent one, cannot claim more than incidental remark. For the same reason that it would have been bad policy in Garrison and the American Society to begin with independent nominations, it will prove impolitic for the abolitionists to proclaim them now. The "plentiful lack" of numbers is yet apparent. The movement will take a party form without our efforts, at the moment when, alone, anything can be effected by such a form. To the eye of the experienced politician, the present attempted movement is an abortion—one which lowers his estimate of those who favor it, as tacticians, while at the same time it shakes the confidence of the community in them, as honest men.

At the beginning, we addressed the community as men, not as partisans—as human beings, not as politicians. Our appeal was to morals, and not to might; to the intellects and hearts of men—not to their instinctive love of power. We addressed them as Christians, rather than as citizens; in the simplicity of the gospel—not with the exploded axioms of a Machiavelli. We asked, as men having authority, for their hearts. We did not sue for their "most sweet voices." And we were right, for the greater includes the less. As we begun, the world had assurance that we labored not for ourselves; and it listened and believed, and followed after us, wherever our principles were presented, in a manner unprecedented in any reform. By attempting to connect our own civil preferment with the progress of our cause, we should deprive the world of the assurance our course has hitherto afforded. It would be to fall into the error of the disciples, who saw no way for truth to triumph, but by mounting a temporal throne, should we now resolve to change that course. The world has seen us trusting in God; in those parts of man's nature which are His image; in the qualities of justice, and mercy, and benevolence; in everything in man which holds to the divinity: and, though the world comprehended us not, it acknowledged our ascendancy. Let us, by a change of measures, proclaim a greater trust in animal power, and make it our direct effort to gain numbers, and the most casual observer will *feel*, though he may not be able to demonstrate, the great difference in our position. The captains of the political hosts will see the difference, and exult. The men in our ranks who have been engaged in political warfare from their youth, while they urge fidelity to principle at the polls, yet testify, like Joab of old, against this folly of "numbering the people." In various ways, which we have not space to-day to dwell upon, it is a weakening process. If we take our true religious and moral position, our fulcrum is in another world; beyond the power of this to disturb; and thence we obtain a power to move it, as it were, with a single hand. By exchanging this position for a political one, we make the aid of numbers the one consideration, while, by the same movement, we expose and increase our numerical weakness. The substitution of party for principle will be the signal for divisions and subdivisions of our ranks. We become justly the laughing-stock of the slaveholder, by appeals to a power which is not on our side, and which we lose the ability to move to our side, when we quit our moral position. We now stand nobly, as individuals, in antagonism with despotism, selfishness, and ambition; and we may be assured that the noble conflict with these, in behalf of the rights of man, each on the spot where they meet him, will be crowned with success far beyond what might be secured by a petty strife for office, in which the constant temptation is to strike at good, as well as evil, for its readier attainment. Official station will enable us to free the slave, we may argue. To do right will surely do it. But to do right is by no means the way to secure official station.

The true philosopher; the true statesman; the rarer personage—the man of clear, common sense, will all discern that it is a descent, and a loss of power, to occupy an official station. A Coriolanus in the market-place, crying, "I pray you let me ha't," is by no means in a *commanding* situation. When he has obtained it, he still is but a servant. James G. Birney, as candidate for the presidency of the United States, has far less power to aid our cause, than James G. Birney, the untitled rebuker of statesmen and presidents. Then, he occupied a position superior to the one to which he has descended. The theory of our government makes the official the servant, whom the people displace at pleasure; and the tendency of such an arrangement ever is, to make the servant strive to win and retain the confidence of his employers. What a risk is run, then, by him who now takes the field as an abolition candidate!—a risk too heavy to be run by any who sincerely pray, "lead us not into temptation." Such a one is obliged to bear in his own person, the sins of his party. The temptations which a protracted political conflict multiplies, and which the fierce and ever-strengthening passion for victory continually presents, become consolidated and pressed upon his shoulders. The party is to be enlarged at all hazards, that is the object of its existence: and the unhappy candidate is dragged hither and thither, yielding here a little, and there a little, as his several constituents' fears or hopes demand, till the heart of an abolitionist is gone, and there remains only the crooked tool of a party. Hackneyed politicians, who began their career, their hearts filled with patriotic devotedness, and who then—

> "—— vowed to keep, on life's wide waste,
> Their hearts like lily's whiteness chaste."

They know too well, the shoals on which abolitionists must strike, in a political course. Their experience will confirm every word we have uttered. Not one can be found, whose experience will not demonstrate that the road to political preferment, is a demoralizing one; as dangerous as the road to wealth, to him who devotes himself to making money to do good with. The man who runs the political gauntlet for his seat, will find that his moral power has so oozed away in the process, that he cannot sit in it steadily.

He cannot even procure a nomination, without a sacrifice of strength. Van Buren was obliged to kneel, and promise the veto. Harrison must exercise himself with the problem of abolition, after the fashion of Mr. Facing Bothways. Birney must confess, for the satisfaction of politicians, that, whereas he once looked, under God, to the moral power of the Church, he now hopes the salvation of the cause from an array of numbers, as a political party. Not only was he called upon to admit that moral power was less potent than physical—i. e. the Church more feeble than the world, to effect righteousness: he must also renounce fraternal association with those who refused to make the same confession. He complied! This sacrifice called for another—the yielding up of his ingenuousness. He was tempted on all hands to misrepresentations and unfairness, that he might be justified in casting off the odious brethren that hindered his availability. He yielded still!

"We must be content in this world," it is argued, "to *act with* associates whose principles and conduct are *not* the purest." It is most dangerous to do so. The counsel is pregnant with destruction. It is the down-hill road. If *they* will act with *us*, well; if not, to descend to their level by independent nomination, is to put ourselves into their unhallowed hands. Principle after principle will be claimed by them for sacrifice,—stronger and stronger will be our temptations, till at length as little of the spirit of freedom will remain to our candidates, as there is of the old revolutionary spirit in Daniel Webster. We may be pointed to the fidelity of a Wilberforce, but the spirit *found* him *in* his seat—and parliaments were septennial: two circumstances which go far to destroy any supposed analogy between his case and what may be hoped of candidates among ourselves; independently of the fact that the *balance* was never flung from the hands of the British abolitionists, by the erection of independent nominations. A two-fold error is committed by the advocates of this measure among us. They assume this channel they would dig, to be the only one through which political influence can flow; and seem not to discern that the rubbish from the trench must actually choke up the channel of moral power.

The day on which this policy becomes the prevailing one among abolitionists, will see them exchanging the substance for the shadow: will mark their preference of the hireling declamations of the demagogue, over the teachings, the entreaties, the rebukes, the denunciations of the Evangelist.

"But we must unfurl a visible standard," cry some. "We must show the nation something worth contending about, by forming a distinct third party." Why, what, in the name of common sense, have we been doing for the last ten years! "Possession is nine points in Congress, as often as in the judiciary;" and we have held up "something worth contending for," to those who are already *in* their seats, and who consequently have less temptation to refuse to contend about it, than an abolitionist will have to undergo, in the course of the numerous heats he must run *for* his seat. We *have* held up "something worth contending about," and the people are already contending about it effectually,* without our putting ourselves to the trouble and expense of a second set of anti-slavery associations, and consider us to be "a political organization already." We have the parties to undertake the toil and expense of nomination, without our sullying our hands, or stooping our necks. They will do it for us, just in proportion to our sincere and energetic lives in behalf of the slave. "A visible standard—something to rally round!" He that cannot already see the principles we have preached, as a pillar of fire going before, is to be greatly aided, truly, by hearing a man's name shouted! It is a great blindness and weakness—this practical contempt for the "unseen and eternal." It is well to warn those afflicted with it, that what is gained by such a "visible standard," is lost by its being also a *moveable* standard. It is the blunder of a half-thinker, to put Gerrit Smith and Alvan Stewart in nomination to-day, in order to secure the co-operation of those who "need a visible standard," to-morrow. We do but load them with a weight, which impedes their advance, when we link them with such partisans. When they place themselves at the disposal of a constituency less pure than they, it is but proclaiming that *something has been given up. They have gone back to meet the people, when their nomination by a third party is made.*

The more thought is expended upon this subject, the more inexpedient does a third political party appear. It is a pentecost we need, not a political party: and when our host, instinct with the spirit of freedom, shall each move onward over every obstacle, with swift, unhesitating energy, the world of politicians will be drawn into the wake of our rapid course. It is not for them to remain behind, when the vanguard of humanity moves forward. They *must* follow, by the instinct of human nature. Let us press vigorously forward, then,

> "With faithful, indefatigable arm,
> To roll the heaving war-load up the hill!"

It misbecomes us to put our own hands to the drudgery of electioneering, of which the results are uncertain, while there remains a course by which our object may certainly be obtained. That course is the one we have already pursued.

There can be no question as to the course the voting abolitionist will pursue, who sees the ill-effects of submitting the purest and holiest of causes to the arbitration of the lower propensities of men, while he has the power of appeal to the highest. He will eschew, alike, Harrison, Van Buren, and Birney. The first two, because experience has proved that law of morals to be immutable, which forbids *ever* to do evil. The last, because he will feel it his duty to testify against a measure so fraught with peril to the cause, as a third political party.

* Witness the success of the cause, politically, in Massachusetts.

From the Signal of Liberty.

OUR NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

We have a national custom of robbing a portion of our population, called slaves, and employing the proceeds of the robbery for the distribution of the Bible, and the preaching of the gospel, in foreign countries. We shall make a few desultory remarks concerning it.

1. The custom is peculiar to the United States. Nothing of the kind is known to exist in any heathen or Christian country. In heathen countries, slavery is very common; and in Christian lands are many missionary societies; but an instance is not known, out of our country, where a missionary society is supported by the labor of the slaves, extorted by Christian masters, by fraud and violence. The honor of such an arrangement is all our own.

2. The custom is national. All the large sects, except the Freewill Baptists and Quakers, unite in approving and practising it. The general missionary boards of the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and we believe, also, the Episcopalians and Catholics concur in sanctioning and perpetuating the robbery, in some or all of these ways:

By receiving contributions of those who rob their fellow-men;

By employing those engaged in the robbery, to preach the gospel;

By making them constituent managers of their missionary boards;

By soliciting the known fruits of robbery for their treasuries;

By refusing to express disapprobation of such robbery, when the subject has been brought to their notice.

The system, sanctioned by the national boards, thus receives the support of the great majority of professing Christians in the country. The greatest doctors of divinity, both North and South, uphold it. Most of the religious papers do the same. But though it is thus upheld by all the national missionary societies, and is therefore a national custom, it is but just to say that the individual dissentients against it are numerous, in most denominations, and fast increasing. Many churches and minor ecclesiastical bodies have freely expressed their abhorrence of it.

3. A singular combination of circumstances respecting this custom, is, that those who bestow the donations, thus obtained by violence, are Christians; the persons robbed are not unfrequently Christians, members of the same church; and the object of the whole transaction is to convert the heathens to Christianity.

4. Another notable circumstance attending this custom, is, that those who can earn money to buy Bibles for foreign heathen, and to pay for preaching the gospel to pagans, are not permitted to read or receive the Bible themselves. This is the general rule; there may be individual exceptions. In most of the States, laws exist forbidding them the knowledge of letters, and punishing by fine and imprisonment any one who shall teach them. In some States, it is a penitentiary offense to furnish a slave with a Bible or tract. Christian masters make and sustain these laws. They make no efforts for their repeal. This may truly be called "the American system." Southern missionary societies send Bibles and tracts, without number, into the Mahometan dominions, without molestation; should a Mahometan offer a few leaves of the Koran, or the Bible, to slaves, he would find his place in a southern jail.—Such is Christian liberality in the United States, in 1842.

5. To appropriate the earnings of the slave to send the knowledge of Christianity abroad, without allowing him a tract or a Bible at home, heathenizes and degrades him. It is double cruelty. If anybody needs all the consolations of religion, the slave does. He is cut off from the pursuits of other men, and has griefs, trials, perplexities, and temptations, peculiar to himself. He who has nothing to hope from earth, ought at least to have the opportunity of securing the happiness of a future state. It is idle to say that they receive oral instruction. Of the whole mass of slaves belonging to Christian owners, how many ever receive any religious instruction? A small portion, only. And how much do they receive? What is its nature? Should we be willing to throw away our Bibles, and hang *our* eternal hopes on what our ministers might tell us? Who has not heard our northern Protestant clergy declaiming against the Catholics for this very thing, taking away the scriptures from the common people, and substituting oral instruction in their stead? Yet these same persons are sometimes ready to apologise for this very thing, when done by Christian slaveholders! Shame on such Christians!

6. But while religion is thus disgraced, and the robbery of Christians is thus nationalized, the amount that is actually paid into the missionary treasuries, as the price for doing this, is very small. The contributions to the American Board, from the thirteen slave States, for some years past, have been only about a fifteenth part of the whole amount received. The result in other denominations is probably similar. Many reasons exist for this. The proportion of white professors of religion in the slave States is less than in the North—the standard of Christian piety is lower—slave labor is unprofitable—and respectable white people do not work at the South, and earn nothing, while they consume much.

7. Those Christians who remember the slave as bound with him, and are contributors to the national boards, should think of these things seriously. They should remonstrate with their respective boards, unitedly and earnestly, against longer continuing such a connection. It is a disgrace to the Christian religion, and contributes very largely to uphold the reign of the slave power in this nation.

8. Those who cannot conscientiously put in their offerings with the price of blood, should not therefore cease to contribute for the spread of the gospel through all the earth. Other channels are now open, in various parts of the globe. The Mendi mission, the West India missions, and the condition of the refugees of Canada, have claims on the sympathies of abolitionists. And we may shortly look for the time when the southern prison-house shall begin to open, and the Bible shall there be presented "to every creature."

From the Kingston (Jamaica) Journal.

HAITI.

It is alledged against the Haitiens "that they are *naturally indolent*, and have committed the most awful crimes, to support that indolence." It has also been alledged that all natives of warm countries are naturally indolent, and in this sense the charge no doubt is well founded. That they have committed the most awful crimes, to support that indolence, has not been shown. Some of the people in the neighborhood of Cape Haitien have certainly been guilty of pillaging the sufferers by the late earthquake, and have also murdered each other in their attempts to secure the booty; but can it justly be said, that the Haitiens, as a people, "have committed the most awful crimes, to support them in indolence?" We think not. Such a conclusion would not be warranted by the information which has reached us. But "the late occurrence proves that they have no self-dominion." We contend that the occurrence at Cape Haitien did not prove the Haitiens, as a people, *incapable* of self-dominion. There is no denying the fact, however, that they are without an efficient government. The blame rests, in our opinion, upon the President and those in authority under him; for he is despotic, and therefore accountable. That "six months common industry would have repaired, in a very great measure, the devastation" occasioned by the revolution in Haiti, is a remark evidently made without consideration—if not in jest. The devastation could not be repaired, so long as there existed any prospect of an attack from the mother country; and we all know that this was the case down to a very recent period indeed. The want of security was alledged, not as a cause for the Haitiens retrograding into their former obscurity, but as a reason why the towns were not rebuilt, and agriculture restored. The terms, former obscurity, seem to us to convey no adequate idea of what is meant. The Haitiens have all along been in obscurity, from the period in which they achieved their independence to the present. They have been almost stationary, or have made but little progress. They entered into a treaty with France, it is true; but at what period. It is said they did not fulfill their contract; and this fact shows that the insecurity remained after the treaty had been entered into. We are also told they sat down in indolence, and when unable to procure provender elsewhere, they preyed upon each other." Need we say, the alledged fact contradicts itself. Unless it is intended to assert, that they became cannibals and ate each other, we cannot understand what is meant. If all sat down in indolence, all must have been equally without means; and if all were without means, then, how did they prey upon each other. That, in the British capital, there are persons of character and property, who, upon occasion of fire, organize themselves, and effectually obstruct the base miscreants and ruffians in their unhallowed work, is quite true. And there were persons of the same description in Cape Haitien; and there were others enveloped in the ruins of the fallen houses, who could not organize themselves in the way they would have done, had it been a fire, and their lives were spared. That "baseness is the general principle" in Haiti, is an assumption which is not borne out by any facts—a conclusion easily jumped at, but which may, nevertheless, be incorrect; which, indeed, remains to be proved. It is easy to make out any position by begging the question. The unfairness of such a mode is, however, so manifest, we need only allude to it. The true and only reason why the Haitiens do not emancipate themselves as before, is, because they desire no more bloodshed—they have no wish to engage in a civil war, which may end in their re-subjugation by France. They are not so ignorant, nor so indolent, as not to know that it is by internal dissentions alone that they can lose their nationality; and who will condemn the prudence which dictates the propriety of bearing the ills they have, rather than flying to others that they know not of? If Haiti had exported and imported largely—had formed extensive commercial relations—improved her domestic condition—cultivated the arts and sciences—erected churches, and endowed schools for educational purposes; if she had done all these, and the other things mentioned, then she would have been a flourishing country, and must have enjoyed a wise and liberal government, and there would have been no need for any one to apologise for her. It is precisely because these things have not been done—because her ruler, whilst he has professed himself anxious for the religious instruction and education of the people, has been secretly opposed to the missionaries, and done nothing to promote education, that Haiti now occupies the low position she does. She has been cursed with an inefficient government, and a ruler who cares only for himself.

From the Journal of Commerce.

COTTON CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

We have Bombay papers to the beginning of May. Annexed are several extracts, relating to the cultivation of American cotton in India. The long and short of the matter appears to be, that the experiments made in the Bombay presidency had proved a decided failure, while in the Bengal and Madras presidencies, the result is favorable. In regard to the Bombay experiment, the following communication, under date of April 19th, is sufficiently decisive.

To the Editor of the Bombay Times and Journal of Commerce:

SIR,—I have just returned from a visit to the site of the late cotton experiment at Broach, and I beg to assure you that, in my opinion, the statement in the Times, as to the failure, &c. have not been exaggerated. A more melancholy looking place than the Amjeet Baug, could not be witnessed. There stand the ruins of the gin-house, at present being propped up by the engineer. The structure is an immense, top-heavy building, supported on two parallel rows of small, brick pillars, which, having yielded, require to be propped by wooden posts on each side, and no wonder; for they had been made to carry heavy teakwood beams, such as are used for keels of line-of-battle ships! As to the expense, it must be something enormous—altogether not less than from 15 to 20 thousand rupees; at all events, it will be quite enough, when known, unless explained, to frighten every one from attempting to gin cotton in this country: indeed it might be said with perfect propriety, that this seemed to have been the object aimed at in its construction. I could pick up very little information; a curious and mysterious secrecy seemed to be preserved by, and impressed on, every body about the place. Since so many reports are abroad, it is surprising the government have not thought of appointing a committee to investigate and inquire into the way in which the experiments have been conducted. I saw seven pairs of large, fat bullocks standing idle in the garden, and I was informed there had been no work for them since the planters left. There is a Godown also said to contain a very large store of last year's cotton, still uncleaned. The Americans, I believe, did ask for inquiry before they left the country; had this been conceded, justice to all parties would thus have been attained; no one could object to an impartial committee but those who feared the truth. It is true, individual members may gain something by delay, but to put off impartial investigation must be admitted as confirmatory of the worst surmises. This is not a political question, requiring secrecy, but its very nature renders it essential to success, that the utmost publicity should be given to every stage of the process. The importance of the subject surely demands the attention of government; and I hope the chamber of commerce will be induced to urge such an investigation on the Bombay government, as may be fitted to ascertain the truth. As to the failure, there is no difference of opinion; but is it true or not, what the planters asserted, that the whole thing had been made a job?

Yours, obediently,
AMICUS AMERICANUS.

The Bengal Experiment.

Bombay, April 2.—From papers read at the last meeting of the Bengal agricultural society, we take the following extracts, exhibiting the progress and flattering prospects of the experimental cotton farms in Bundlecund.

Captain Bayles says, under date 31st Dec. last:—

"You will, I am certain, be happy to hear that Mr. Bird and Mr. Lowther have, within the last month, visited two of the plantations, and that they have both expressed themselves perfectly astonished at the great exertions made; and will not admit even the American seed by any means a failure.

"The fine rain which we had early in the month, did a world of good to every kind of crop; the American cotton has taken a second growth, and is full of blossoms, but whether the fruit now forming will reach maturity is of course uncertain. All hands are now at work, breaking up lands for next year. Messrs. Mercer and Terry, are about to try the China sugar cane; our grain crops, planted in drills, at a distance of two feet, look most flourishing. Next year, we hope to make a fair show in cotton, flax, sugar, and tobacco."

Mr. Lowther, under date 7th February, writes:—

"In the month of December last, I visited the government farms at Kotra Mukrundpoor, in Zillah Cawnpoor, and at Soomeerpoor in Bundlecund, and I have great satisfaction in reporting that, while the indigenous cotton in the vicinity of the farms and other parts of the country I had previously passed through, had altogether failed, or suffered so much from the drought as barely to yield a return to the cultivator, the plant on the farms, without the aid of irrigation, was superior to any I have seen in the best of seasons. The Mexican cotton was somewhat stunted, but the pods were full and healthy, and the produce exceedingly fine.

"From personal observation, I have no hesitation in stating, that, in my judgment, the success of the experiment has been established, and that the best expectations may be entertained that the quality of the indigenous cotton will be greatly improved, and its produce increased under the improved system of cultivation introduced by the American planters. The out-turn of the present season is, of course, very limited, in consequence of the want of cattle and other im-

peding causes, over which the planters had no control; but I feel confident that the result of the operations of the ensuing season, will satisfy the most prejudiced mind of the success of the experiment."

The Madras Experiment.

The Madras Spectator says:—

"The cotton experiment in Coimbatoor, is, we are happy to learn, progressing most favorably; the crops which, at the beginning of January, threatened to prove a total failure, are now yielding, and have been for the last three weeks, little short of 100 lbs. daily, and promise, judging from present appearances, to continue doing so for the next three months; and that, too, in spite of the untimely hot weather which at present prevails in the district. In fact, we are informed that, to all appearance, the American plant is already as well suited to the climate as the native; for at the present moment the former is keeping pace with the latter, and apparently bearing the heat of the climate equally well. Than this account, nothing could be more encouraging; and it forcibly illustrates the benefit of perseverance in experiments like the present."

Experiments with the Cotton Gin.

These had not been successful, as yet, but further experiments were to be made.

Mr. Thomason, under date March 1st, 1842, says in a note—

"I hope the saw gins will not be prematurely condemned, before the Americans have had full opportunity of being heard in their defense, and of putting in practice such modifications and adaptations as may suit it to the produce of this country."

From the Bengal Hurkaru, April 6th.

With reference to an interesting article in a late number of the *Friend of India*, regarding the cotton plantations in Bengal, in which the culpable neglect of the collector of Surat was placed in striking relief with the zealous interest displayed by the government functionaries in this part of India, we have much pleasure in mentioning, that the American cultivators under Captain Bayles, have, through the medium of the civil authorities, been recently supplied with a description of saw gins, capable of being worked by cattle, and said to possess superior advantage over those worked by hand. We are glad in thus recording another sign of the disposition which exists in high places to afford this great experiment a fair trial, by witholding no means or appliances which may be considered necessary for its successful prosecution.

Imports of Cotton into Great Britain, from the 1st of January 1841, to 2d July, 1842:

	1842.	1841.
American bales,	715,974	648,140
Brazil, "	44,960	58,851
West India,	661	4,346
East India,	139,249	80,396
Egyptian,	6,770	27,159

The exports of 1842, consist of

American bales,	42,679
Brazil, &c.,	4,989
East India,	37,141.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned respectfully request the attention of the citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia, to the following statement of facts, having reference to the *Temperance Hall*, in Moyamensing, which was taken down on the 3d instant, by order of the commissioners of that district, after having been presented by the grand jury as a nuisance.

About three years ago, the grand jury, inquiring for the city and county of Philadelphia, directed special attention to the degraded condition of the lower class of the inhabitants of Moyamensing; among whom were many colored people, who had been reduced to a very abject state, by the prevalence of intemperance, and its kindred vices. This presentment induced a number of persons, who felt an interest in the improvement of the morals of the people of color, to commence delivering addresses in the neighborhood of Bedford and 8th streets, to that class of our population, upon the subjects of temperance, morality, and religion. These addresses were delivered in the open air; either on vacant lots of ground, or in the courts and alleys of that vicinity. They produced a very sensible improvement in the character and conduct of a large number of those who listened to them. But owing to the want of suitable shelter, the course of in struction was interrupted in the winter season; and hence a relapse to their old habits was witnessed in some of those who had been partially reformed. Subsequently, a room in a private house, in Bedford street, above 7th, was temporarily hired, and occupied for the purposes of Sabbath school instruction, during the winter of 1840-41. This room, however, was quite too small to accommodate the temperance and religious meetings; and for their accommodation, as well as the Sabbath school, a society of people of color, called the City Moral Reform Society, took, upon ground rent, a small lot situated on Bedford, below 8th street; and, with the aid of a few devoted and self-denying colored women, (who not only contributed themselves, but made considerable collections for this object,) erected upon it, less than one year ago, a small, one-story brick building, to which they gave the name of *Temperance Hall*. At the time, the erection of this house was highly approved by the neighbors, without a single known exception; and many of them contributed towards the expense of its erection. The enterprise was also favored with the approbation of several active members of the temperance societies, formed about that time, for the reformation of inebriates.

At the laying of the corner stone, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Crist, Beck, and McClugh; one of them, at the time, a vice-president of the Jefferson society, and another at present, the president of a total abstinence society, in the Northern Liberties.

The hall, was open at all times, for the use of lectures on temperance, whether white or colored. A majority of those who have spoken in it were white persons, belonging to the various temperance societies, but principally to the Howard society. Meetings for public worship were held in it, on every Sabbath, and also on two evenings during the week. At the close of a protracted meeting, recently held there, *thirty-five* persons came forward and gave in their names as applicants for membership to the neighboring churches. Sunday schools, were also held in the hall, on the morning and afternoon of every Sabbath; the roll of which contained the names of *sixty* children, at the time of the destruction of the building. They were, for the most part, collected from the streets; and all of them, excepting one family, were said to be the children of intemperate parents, or of those who had been intemperate. Many of the scholars had made considerable progress in learning.

The good results of these efforts had become very apparent. The teetotal pledge had been administered to *upwards of one thousand* adult persons. Many were reclaimed from general habits of dissipation and vice, to a moral and industrious life. A number of children, as well as persons of mature age, were relieved from a state of extreme destitution, and were supplied from the hall, or by those who attended it, with decent clothing, as well as with suitable books, &c. Efficient aid in this department of our labors, was received from members of a benevolent society, in connection with Rev. Mr. Boardman's church. It is confidently believed that the reform effected, and the relief afforded, produced an annual saving of more than five hundred dollars in the county expenses for the support of the poor. The number of liquor-selling shops in the neighborhood had been considerably reduced, and the sales of this article, in those that remained, greatly diminished. It has been publicly asserted, and without contradiction, that there were, not long since, *fifty-two unlicensed dram shops* within the three squares, which constitute the length of the street on which the hall was erected.

After the development of these facts, a spirit of hostility to the hall, was, for the first time, manifested. Constable Wisner, informed one of the proprietors, that he received an intimation, nine weeks ago, of the intention of some persons to burn it down on a certain night. It however escaped, without material injury, through the riots of the first and second of August.

On the 3d instant, one of the commissioners of Moyamensing applied to the managers of the hall, requesting that they would cause it to be taken down. When this was declined, he desired that at least the doors and windows should be taken out. The only reason which he gave for this request, was a determination, which he alledged to exist on the part of some persons, to destroy the hall by fire. He was informed that means should be taken to have it watched, without expense to the public. After this conversation, the owners received no further notice or information on the subject, until they heard that the building had been taken down by the commissioners of the district, after a presentment of it as a NUISANCE, by the grand jury. No opportunity was afforded them of proving before the jury, as they could easily have done, the great utility of the hall, and the practicability of preserving it by means to which it would have been incomparably more reasonable to resort, than to permit its destruction upon such pretexts as were offered.

We have thus given a naked statement of facts; and, without comment, leave to an enlightened community the decision, how far such proceedings are consistent with law, with justice, and with the public welfare. (Signed) DANIEL A. PAYNE,
SAMUEL NICKLESS,
Managers of the Hall.

The undersigned, having attended occasionally the meetings and lectures at the *Temperance Hall*, in Bedford street, in the district of Moyamensing, declare that we believe it to have been devoted to highly useful purposes; that its destruction is a serious evil; and that we have confidence in the foregoing statement, in reference to it; many of the facts therein contained being within our own personal knowledge.

Signed—James Mott, Lucretia Mott, Wm. Harned, Geo. Catlin, Wm. J. Mullin, David W. White.

From the Emancipator.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in their remarkable decision in favor of the right of recapture of fugitives from slavery, declared the act of Congress of 1793, to be "clearly constitutional in all its leading provisions, and with the exception of that part which confers authority upon State magistrates, free from reasonable doubt." And on that excepted point, they say no difference of opinion is entertained by the court; "that State magistrates *may, if they choose*, exercise that authority, *unless prohibited* by State legislation."

Chief Justice Taney dissented "from that part of the opinion of the court which denies the obligation and the right of the State authorities to protect the master;" because, in that case, as he argues, "the fugitive can only be arrested according to the act of Congress," and, "by that law, the power to seize is given to no one but the owner, his agent, or attorney. And if the officers of the State are not justified in acting under the State laws, and cannot arrest the fugitive, and detain him in prison, without having first obtained an authority from the owner, the territory of the States, must soon become an open pathway for the fugitives escaping from other States." Judge Taney, could not prevail on his brethren to change the form of their decision on this point; but events have shown that he was right in predicting the practical result. Already the Marylanders have had reason to chasten their exultation at that decision. A few weeks ago, a half dozen men were seized in Harrisburg, by some official and venal manhyena, under suspicion of being fugitives from slavery. Indeed it was said they did not disguise their condition. They were taken before a magistrate, who happened to be acquainted with the decision of the Supreme Court; and as the kidnapper was neither the owner nor his agent, the upright justice saw that he had no right to detain them, and so they went their way. The Globe of June 27, contains an advertisement of certain persons near Clarksville, in Montgomery county, Md. offering $1,000 for the capture and delivery of six men, who are named and described. The complaint goes on:—

These negroes all started in company, (and will probably keep together,) and made directly for Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, in which State, the gang were arrested on the 6th of June, and, by an abolition magistrate, set at liberty, (though acknowledging themselves slaves; they were then carried off by a negro preacher in his carriage; direction not known. Since which they have not been heard from. We will give ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD, for the arrest, and safe return to us, of the above six negroes—either at our residences, or in any safe jail in Maryland; or, if taken and returned as above, separately, for William, John, Launcelot, and London, each two hundred dollars; and for George and Daniel, each one hundred dollars.

NATHANIEL M. WATERS,
EDWIN WATERS,
June 25. JANE MAGRUDER.

Messrs. Waters and Mrs. Magruder, are quite too late in advertising. Why, William and his comrades were at Harrisburg on the 6th of June, and by the 25th they must have got to Canada, and in all probability had set up a blacksmith shop, entered a farm, and planted their first crop of corn, on their own land. Nineteen days gives a long start to men in pursuit of liberty. I would not give the Marylanders five per cent. for their chance. As to that "abolition justice," at Harrisburg, he showed that he understood law, and that he regarded the obligations of his official oath, and did not mean to act at random, by caprice, or corruption. The Marylanders will find that the law is against them, let it decide as it will. There can be no law that is not against slavery, in some aspect or other.

THE MENDIANS.

Some of the pro-slavery papers, even those professedly religious, cannot conceal their gratification that some of these poor, ignorant people returned to the habits in which they were educated, and in which all their relatives and friends indulge without scruple. It would have been far better to have praised the Mendi missionaries, for their perfect honesty, in stating things just as they were. We should be glad to believe that *all* missionaries had so honorably resisted the strong temptation to represent their success greater than it really is.

The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter very justly remarks:

There are some who will speak of the relapses of a portion of these poor Africans, with contempt and scorn; who yet think it no marvel that people born and educated in Christian lands, perchance in Christian families, when in foreign ports, or travelling in foreign lands, are guilty of abominations at which heathens blush. The officers and soldiers on our frontiers, the officers and sailors in our ships of war, our merchants, and other travellers, may degrade themselves below the level of beasts, in their intercourse with savages, the half-civilized or civilized inhabitants of foreign countries, and it is considered by many as quite venial; while the proneness to licentiousness and intemperance in men who have barely seen civilized society, or been slightly instructed in the principles of morality and religion, after returning to their former homes and associates, will fill such with affected horror and disgust. The experiment has not yet been tried—at least in modern times—of heathens being brought to a Christian land, and witnessing in all the inhabitants conduct consistent with Christian principles; or of armies, navies, and travellers in the ports or territory of heathen nations, deporting themselves according to the precepts of Christianity. Until such things are witnessed, let no one, in a professedly Christian land, reproach these Africans for not being, in their own land, more moral than nominal Christians are when visiting foreign countries.

It should be borne in mind by all persons, be they friendly or inimical to the efforts that have been made on behalf of the Amistad Africans, that the FIRST GREAT OBJECT in view has been attained—the liberty of the Mendians! Contending for the rights of man—for the freedom of the slave—for the administration of JUSTICE—for the defeat of oppressors—the committee, under the smiles of Divine Providence, with the aid of able counsel, and sustained by the benefactions and prayers of fellow-Christians, have had the satisfaction of returning to their native shores *thirty-five* human beings, who had been kidnapped, and doomed by merciless men to interminable bondage. In the second place, an acquaintance with civilized life, the advantages of education, and the knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ, have been imparted to these Africans in a way not to be forgotten by them, and it is confidently hoped and believed that many of them will never relapse into heathenism or vice. It is believed, also, that some of them—we hope many—will be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and have an inheritance among the saints in glory.

Considering the cruelty that had been inflicted upon these Africans before they reached our shores—the adverse circumstances in which they were placed during the largest part of the time they were in this country—the pernicious example that was set them—the profanity, drunkenness, and disregard of all morality, of which they were the eye and ear witnesses—the course taken by some who are learned, eloquent, and influential, in opposition to their just rights—the hypocrisy, both in regard to political and religious matters, that everywhere came under their notice—is it wonderful that they left the United States with many superficial, confused, and absurd notions? Is it marvellous that the comparatively slight religious instruction communicated to them should have struck its roots no deeper, and produced upon the majority of them no more abiding effects? It is a cause of devout thankfulness, that so much was done for them in an educational and religious point of view; that so many were transformed, outwardly, at least, into civilized and moral beings—and that a few now, after returning to their native country, and being solicited to return to their former habits, continue steadfast and immovable. Thanks be to God, that, in addition to giving them their LIBERTY, so much has been done for their souls; that so much that is good is retained by them; and that there is some hope, nay, some prospect, that their return to Africa will result in the promotion of the knowledge of Christ in the dark places of that benighted continent.

Communications.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE WITH HARRIET MARTINEAU.

DEAR FRIEND: I send you a copy of the correspondence which contains Harriet Martineau's final refusal of a pension from the government of her country. I have expressed to her a strong desire that these letters, which state her reasons for refusing the pension, should be made public, as the fact itself was known to all. As she has not actually forbidden me, I take the responsibility of sending them to be inserted in your paper, where I know you will heartily welcome them.

When we see not only individuals ready to sacrifice conscience to gain, but whole States openly declaring that money is more precious than justice and honor, how does the faithful testimony of this noble-minded woman to the *supremacy of principle*, as it comes to us with a mournful but heart-stirring tone, from her remote and lonely chamber, where with narrow means she is patiently enduring an incurable disease.—Oh, how does it strengthen within us the conviction, that "man does not live by bread alone!" How does it renew and invigorate our faith in immortality! Sacred are the words uttered by such a spirit, as it waits on the brink of both worlds, calmly and cheerfully contemplating the dark abyss, which it must pass in order to enter upon eternal life. They are inexpressibly sacred to the friends to whom they are uttered; but, as far as may be, they should be communicated to every sympathizing heart. *Harriet Martineau has lived for her fellow-beings.* She has sought to do good to *all*; it is, therefore, I think, acting in conformity with her spirit, and carrying on her purposes, to give these letters to the public.

ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

LETTER FROM MR. HUTTON.

———, 1840.

DEAR MISS MARTINEAU: It has always been matter of regret to me, that Lord Grey's proposal regarding you was not carried into effect, on account of your strenuous resistance; and I have often wished that he had remained long enough in power to enable you to reconsider your first impulse. I have spoken to one only on the subject; but we are both of opinion that it ought to be gratifying to Lord Melbourne to fulfill the wish of Lord Grey. Before the business proceeds, we only desire to know that such a plan would not be resisted by you.—I do not wish to give you the trouble of writing to me on the subject; your silence will be sufficient; and I believe you know me well enough to trust to the discretion of yours, ever faithfully, ROBERT HUTTON.

MY DEAR MR. HUTTON: Our friend has given me your note. She would not keep back, for a day, what she knew would be so true a gratification to me. You would not easily believe the delight your note has afforded me, as a fresh proof of your faithful and generous friendship.

It is a pleasure to me to answer your note; but if it were not, I should write, on account of the interpretation my silence would bear. My objections to literary pensions, conferred otherwise than immediately by parliament, remain in full force. I owe it to your kindness to declare the grounds of my objections to this mode of provision; but I own to you that (apart from all scruples of pride) my feelings against receiving a pension are full as strong as my reasons; and would, I believe, induce me to give my present answer, even if I had no reasons to offer.

The first of these reasons is, that money given as a reward for public service, should be conferred only at the express desire of the public served; such service having been wholly irrespective of government. If such pensions were conferred by the representatives of the people, instead of by the ministers, whom I cannot look upon as true exponents of the popular desire in this instance, I should probably thankfully accept what I must, under present arrangements, decline.

Again, I am certain that I should lose more or less of my freedom of speech, if not of thought. I am aware how generously it is desired that the recipients of pensions should divest themselves of this feeling; but with me, this would be impossible. I could never again deny to myself that I was under a personal obligation to the premier and others; and I need not specify to you what restrictions would follow, of course.

Again, I am sure my personal influence, and that which I exercise through the press, would suffer much; not with all, but with many. If I were fully satisfied as to the act being unexceptionable, I should probably not regard any misrepresentation that might be put upon it. But feeling as I do, I should suffer from any decline of my influence, without having a right to complain; accompanied as such loss would be, by a loss on my own part, of self-respect. I have a strong suspicion that, if I accepted a pension, I should never again address the public with freedom and satisfaction. You will not, I am sure, suspect me of blaming any who take the sort of pension, which I feel myself compelled to decline. If they think and feel differently, they are right in acting differently. I speak only for myself.

Let me assure you that I do not feel the need of this assistance. My wants are small, and thus far I have supplied them. I am still able to work. If I lose this power, I have a little store to meet what will probably then be a short exigency. If I continue able to work, I hope to remain as free from anxiety about a subsistence, as I am at present.

I do not say that I (in common with other authors) have not a claim for aid—just cause to complain of my poverty; but my claim is one which cannot be met by royal or ministerial bounty. If literary property had been protected by law, as all other property is, I should have been now enjoying more than a competence; together with advantages of another kind, which I value far more. In this direction, my dear friend, you may be able to benefit, not me, (perhaps it may be too late for that,) but many authors in future, who may be happier in the protection of the laws, than literary laborers of this generation. To ministers who will see to the carrying out of laws already passed for our protection, and to members of parliament who will urge the passing of others, I promise gratitude as strong, as if they had placed *me* in a situation of pecuniary ease for life.

I shall feel, henceforth, that a fresh strength has been added to the respect and regard with which I have always been yours, most truly, H. MARTINEAU.

LETTER FROM MR. BULLER.

AUGUST 18, 1841.

DEAR MISS MARTINEAU: Lord Melbourne, having heard of your present illness, as well as the inconveniences to which you are subjected, by the mode in which your money is settled, has desired me, as a friend of yours, to inquire whether you would accept a pension of £150 per annum, on the civil list. It is out of his power to offer you more, in the present state of things; but I hope you will not refuse him the opportunity of giving this proof of his respect for your writings and character, inadequate as the amount proposed may be. If you will accept the offer, have the goodness to write me word to that effect, and let me have the answer by return of post; as Lord Melbourne is desirous of completing the arrangement before he goes out of office.

I cannot tell you how grieved I have been by recent accounts of your sufferings, and how rejoiced I shall be if the offer, which I have the pleasure of communicating to you, shall have the effect of contributing in any degree to your comfort. Believe me, my dear Miss Martineau, yours, very truly, CHARLES BULLER.

TYNEMOUTH, August 21, 1841.

DEAR MR. BULLER: I am far from wishing to trouble Lord Melbourne, or you, with my views on literary pensions; but the great consideration and kindness shown in Lord Melbourne's remembrance of me, at this untoward time, require from me something more than the very abrupt reply I was compelled to send by Friday morning's post. I should like Lord Melbourne to understand that my decision is no hasty one; that it rests on no passing feeling or prejudice, but on a real opinion that I should be doing wrong in accepting a pension. My opinion has been held through some changes of persons, as the proposed givers, and through some vicissitudes in the circumstances of myself, as the proposed receiver of such a pension.

The first mention of a provision of this kind, was made to me in November, 1832; when I was informed that I was to have a pension of the amount now specified, on the conclusion of my work on the poor laws. I should doubtless then have taken it, if it had been actually offered. On reflection, I changed my mind; and when I found that Lord Grey had still a wish that the thing should be done, I wrote to Lord Durham, (then in Russia,) to request that nothing more should be said about it; as I could not conscientiously accept a pension from this source. I have since had occasion to make the same reply to two inquiries, from different quarters, whether I would agree to such an arrangement for my benefit.

Lord Melbourne will not, I think, wonder at my feeling of repugnance to touch the proceeds (except as salary for public service) of a system of taxation so unjust, as I have in print, for long and at large, declared it my opinion that ours is. It matters not how generously the gift may be intended; how considerately it may be bestowed; how specifically it is designed to benefit such a case as mine. These considerations affect, most agreeably, my personal feelings towards those who would aid me; but they cannot reconcile me to live upon money, (not salary) levied afflictively upon those, among others, whom I have made it my business to befriend, however humbly—the working classes. Such services as I may have rendered to them, are unconsciously received by them; but I cannot accept reward, at any expense to them. If this provision be not designed as recompense, but as aid, as a pure *gift*, I cannot take it; for they, who provide the means, have no voice in the appropriation of it to me personally. About the principles of taxation, a surprising agreement has grown up on our side of late. Whenever we obtain a just system of taxation, the time may perhaps follow, when, among other minor considerations, some plan may be discovered, by which the people's representatives may exercise the power of encouraging and rewarding merit and services working through the press; and then even the most scrupulous, with no better view of their own claims than I have, may be happy to receive, in their time of need, aid from the public purse. Meanwhile, I seriously and truly feel, that I had rather, if need were, (to put an extreme case,) receive aid from the parish, and in the workhouse, where I could clearly read my claim, than in the very agreeable manner proposed, where I can see no excuse for my own indulgence. If it be true, that in the case of *gifts*, we do not nicely measure the grounds of *claim*,—surely there is an exception in the one case of gifts from the public purse.

Some of my friends would persuade me that my great losses, from the defective protection afforded to literary property, in this country, entitle me to compensation, in whatever form I can obtain it. But I see the matter differently. Taking compensation from those who have *not* injured me, leaving inequitable profits in the hands of those who *have*, seems to me only making a bad matter worse. But this pension is offered with another view than this. It is offered in remedy of a case, such as the fund is expressly provided to meet. Be it so; but while I know that the members of a government are (as they ought to be) otherwise employed than in looking into the retreats of suffering, to discover for themselves what poverty and sickness it is most just to aid from the public purse; while I know that such gifts, from the hands of the most discriminating and the most kind of ministers, must be a set of chances, as to their gradations of justice, I should be forever mistrusting my own happy chance. On the one hand, I should see public benefactors, before whom I am nothing, pining in privation, from which my pension would relieve them; and on the other, I should be haunted by images of thousands and hundreds of thousands of poor tax-payers, toiling men, who cannot, with all their toil, keep their children in health of body, to say nothing of their minds. "Mighty visions about a small matter!" you may perhaps think; but small or great, the moment I had acted upon it, this matter would become no less than all-important to my peace of mind. Indeed, I would rather, in the present circumstances of the country, put my hand into the fire, than into the public purse.

Let me assure you, that I do not need this pension, as my friends suppose. They know my means well enough, but they overrate my wants. This very sum, which you speak of apologetically, would quite meet my wants, as I live here. I have no permanent uneasiness about income. If I should ever be well enough to work again, (from which I am now at last driven,) I trust I shall find, as hitherto, that my head and my hands will keep my life. If my enforced idleness should continue very long, I hope to keep my expenditure within my actual means.

I beg you to assure Lord Melbourne, that my feelings of respectful gratitude to him are exactly the same, as if I could have accepted the proposed gift. My refusal arises from causes, which are out of my own control. Of the comfort I should have derived from this annual income, no one can be so sensible as myself. I consider myself his debtor for what it *would* have been.

My friends are too anxious about my "state of suffering." There is little enough of good prospect about the case; but by my excellent medical management, the suffering is reduced to something very inconsiderable. The repose of such retreat is delightful.

Believe me, very truly yours, H. MARTINEAU.

FROM MR. BULLER.

AUGUST 26, 1841.

MY DEAR MISS MARTINEAU: I am sorry that you have not thought it right to accept the pension which has been offered to you; but I cannot but respect, most deeply, the conscientious feelings which induced you to decline it; and I am most glad to find that you so justly and kindly appreciate Lord Melbourne's conduct in making the offer. He regrets that it has been unavailing; but let me assure you, that he is very sensible of the kind terms in which you express yourself about him, and of the high motives by which you have been actuated in your refusal.

ASSISTING FUGITIVE SLAVES.

And is there any one, who, in contemplation of the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon this unfortunate class of our fellow-men, is prepared to abandon them to the tender mercies of the law, as declared by our highest judicial tribunals? Forbid it, every principle of justice and humanity. The slaveholder may, indeed, claim his pound of flesh; but he shall not have one drop of blood. It is generally understood that the late decision of the Supreme Court is adapted to afford facilities to the slavehunters; and if we may judge from many facts, lately transpired, it must be evident that they have been much emboldened in the pursuit of their prey; and that they have received more countenance and support in this abominable work, from the free citizens of the North, of latter times, than formerly. But there is one gleam of hope that the philanthropist may yet catch, in meditating on this specimen of *slaveholding justice!* This is furnished by that portion of the decision which declares that "Congress cannot require State officers, as such, to aid in arresting fugitive slaves." Hence it appears, although the southern master may seize his chattels wherever he may find them, he can no longer legally compel us, officially, to become participants. This, at least, is something gained; for it is well known that, without such assistance, the slavehunter can scarcely take a step in the pursuit of his victim.

It has hitherto been considered the law of the land, that our constables, when warrants for fugitives are placed in their hands, are obliged to enter upon the service; and that a considerable penalty will attend their neglect or refusal. This plea can no longer be urged. The constable or sheriff may now, when applied to by the southern master, fold his arms with dignified composure, and protest against affording any aid. And if either of those officers should now act officially, at the requiring of the master, the work will be gratuitous; and the officer, whoever he may be, gives reasonable ground to suspect, that he has voluntarily become the tool of the tyrant, and enlisted in his vile work, with the prospect of the *extra compensation* from his hand. There are indeed very few constables now in this region, who could be employed in such a service, having the conviction that they would obtain nothing but legal fees for their labor; and that no penalty would follow the neglect or refusal to perform it. I have known *one* who not long since, and before the late decision of the Supreme Court, went to a fugitive and told him that a warrant for his arrest was in his (the constable's) pocket; and he advised him to make his escape without delay, which was accordingly done. If an officer thus circumstanced could attend to the suggestions of humanity, how much stronger is the inducement, when he may be conscious that no legal authority can compel him to return the trembling victim to his oppressor.

I have endeavored thus hastily to present one advantageous position, which it is thought the friends of humanity may yet occupy. If my understanding of it is correct, I cannot discover how the slaveholder can *eventually* derive any material gain from the supposed facilities granted him by the Supreme Court. Imagine, that under the present circumstances of the law, the southern master should come among us in pursuit of his fugitive;—he first applies to a justice of the peace for a warrant to arrest. The justice pleads his exemption, from the late decision, and refuses to grant any writ for the purpose. But suppose that he should find an officer, either ignorant of his duty, or sufficiently pliant to become a tool. Having obtained a warrant, he proceeds to the sheriff or constable, and asks them to assist him. Here he might be repulsed at once, with the declaration, "I am under no obligation at all to aid you in hunting slaves. Besides, the public would look upon me as a voluntary kidnapper, were I to assist you. You must do your own business!"*

Let it once become generally known that the assistance rendered by officers in such emergencies, is perfectly gratuitous, and they would soon render a similar reply to such requisitions. W. H. J.

Buckingham, 8th mo. 1st, 1842.

* In the discharge of my duties, (as mayor,) I recognize no obligation to become a slave-catcher.—*Mayor of Albany.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1842.

ADAMS AND WISE.

The rejoinder of Henry A. Wise to John Q. Adams, on the subject of navy appropriations, was wicked in its spirit, and as disgraceful in manner as many other violent scenes in Congress, in which that notorious member from Virginia has been conspicuous; still, his remarks were not without an admixture of truth. It is with extreme reluctance that I admit this; but our partiality as abolitionists should not prevent us from recognizing facts, and using them for the good of our country.

We allude to these facts, not to disparage the very great claims which Mr. Adams has on the gratitude of this nation, and of abolitionists especially, but simply to show that the slave power is so strong, that no administration has been able to stand firm against its despotic requisitions. The administration of Mr. Adams is generally admitted (even by his political opponents) to have been characterized by ability and patriotism; yet he did unquestionably bend his policy to conciliate southern slaveholders. The inveterate dislike, with which they regarded him and his illustrious father, was neither personal, nor political; whatever they might profess, it was in reality sectional. Had honest John Adams been born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and educated under the influences of the "peculiar institution," he would have been re-elected; so would his son. I fear a strong conviction of this truth sometimes warped the administration of the latter from that line of probity and impartiality, which I believe he pursued, in most respects, and which it must now be a source of infinite regret to him that he did not pursue in all.

Mr. Wise does fix upon him the charge of continuing, while he was in power, the abuse of giving most of the offices in the navy to the slaveholders; of which abuse Mr. Adams had most justly, though inconsistently, complained.

But Mr. Adams did other things of the same reprehensible nature, vastly more important in their direct bearings. He sent Thomas Spaulding, a large Georgia slaveholder, as a special agent to watch over the interests of slavery in Cuba, and to penetrate and communicate Bolivar's plans of revolution and *emancipation* there; with a view, and in fact with a *threat*, to apply the power of this nation in opposition to both. The avowed motive was the alarming effect, which the proximity of such an example would have upon *a peculiar species of population in the southern States!* Had it not been for this interposition, Cuba would, in all probability, have now been a free and independent State, with no vestige of slavery on her soil.

To the same end, Mr. Adams caused, or consented, that the Secretary of State, Mr. Clay, should address a solicitation to the emperor of Russia, that he would use his influence with the king of Spain, to close the contest between him and his late South American colonies; so dangerous, while it remained open, *to the safety and tranquillity of the island of Cuba.*

Mr. Adams also endeavored to acquire Texas. It is painful to recur to these facts, especially this last, after the strenuous and invaluable services, which the venerable man has lately rendered to the cause of freedom and justice, in opposing that unhallowed scheme. But it is the duty of abolitionists to show (as they are unfortunately fully able to do) the direful supremacy of the slave power, under all administrations.

In reply to Mr. Wise, Mr. Adams has lately defended *his* attempt to obtain Texas; on the ground that slavery did not exist there at the time, having been abolished throughout Mexico. Here, I apprehend, is an error.—The Mexican constitution of 1824 did *not* abolish slavery. It was not wholly and universally abolished in that country, until the 15th of September, 1829. Therefore, when Mr. Adams gave his instructions, in 1825, to Poinsett, our slaveholding minister to Mexico, slavery did legally exist in Texas. But even if there had not been a single bondman in the province at that time, did not Mr. Adams know perfectly well, from the history of this nation, and from the influences and tendencies which his own experience had but too well revealed, that if Texas was acquired by him, it would, perforce, be for into slave States? Was he, who was in the midst of the Missouri agitation, a stranger to that "boundary of northern conscience," the 36 1-2 degree of North latitude? Does not every foot of Texas lie far south of that line? Was it not for this obvious reason, that the slaveholders wanted it? and that he made the effort to gain it for them?

I cannot doubt that this unfortunate step was taken with the view of gaining the South to the support of his administration; I wish I could. But with how ill a grace does reproach come from such a source as Virginia! Who was it that first established, and has ever since powerfully and artfully sustained, the iniquitous and usurping system, which controls this government? The history of our country for forty years, is a sufficient answer. Mr. Adams might have replied, that he was the mere instrument of Virginia's favorite system, in violation of his own judgment and inclination; that he yielded (as all men in power have been compelled to do) to the dictation of the slavocracy, backed by that class of politicians at the North, who have been ever ready to fawn for the crumbs that fall from their master's table; a class well described by John Randolph, when he said, "It is not by our black slaves in the South, that we govern; but by our white slaves in the North." On another occasion, I heard him contemptuously describe them, as "dirty dogs, ready to eat dirty bread, and dirty pudding." A convenient circumstance, since the South has no bread to offer, that is clean.

Had Mr. Adams answered after this fashion, I humbly conceive that it would prove a complete countermining of such assailants as Henry A. Wise. True, it would be an acknowledgment of censurable weakness on his own part; but such acknowledgment would make him stronger than he ever was before. It would place his magnanimity on a par with his unrivalled abilities and acquirements. It would open the eyes of freemen and patriots, and give them a text more valuable than all his previous services to this falsely denominated *Union*. I do hope that in his Journal, which rumor says will contain the most interesting and curious annals of the country for the last half century, Mr. Adams, if he cannot altogether justify himself, will, at any rate, render an upright and noble homage to truth, right, and liberty.

"'Tis the *last* stone that makes the arch;
The rest, that there were put,
Are nothing, till that comes to bind and shut;
Then stands it a triumphal mark; then men
Inquire the height, the breadth, the why and when
It was erected; and still walking under
Find some new matter to look up and wonder." D. L. C.

ABOLITION AND POLITICS.

We hope that every one of our readers will give close attention to the well argued and admirably written article by James C. Jackson, on another page of this paper. It is full of instruction, to the very brim.

In September, 1841, the same James C. Jackson established a new paper, under the patronage of Gerrit Smith, for the support of the "liberty party." In the first number, he says to his readers:

"I shall give my influence to the support of INDEPENDENT NOMINATIONS, and do it cheerfully; while I confess I have so much egotism as to think I could devise a safer and speedier plan of political operations; safer, inasmuch as it would relieve the cause of some tendencies I would were not in existence; speedier, because I believe the people could be reached faster, and their prejudices uprooted sooner. Yet, as others—and the vast majority they are in New-York—have as much SELF-ESTEEM, and quite as much FIRMNESS, as myself, and *they* think the INDEPENDENT NOMINATION decidedly the most efficient plan, I must keep aloof from all association with my brethren, or go *their* plan. I therefore choose to yield up my plan, rather than to be made a mere '*abstraction*;' as I have no fellowship with abstractions."

In the same paper, a letter from Gerrit Smith announced:

"The abolitionists of the county of Madison may rest assured, that whatever may have been, *or may still be*, Mr. Myrick's and Mr. Jackson's views of the wisdom or the policy of independent abolition nominations, *they will, now that this has become the policy of nineteen-twentieths of anti-slavery voters, heartily support it*; and exert their powers to band together at the polls all the abolitionists who go to the polls."

A letter from James C. Jackson to the committee of the American Society, mailed with the first number of the paper, declared:

"The American Anti-Slavery Society has my warmest sympathies, and shall have my heartiest and most devoted efforts for its continuance. I pray the spirit of freedom to keep its platform firm and broad, until slavery is dead."

FAIRS.

We would call the attention of our readers to the notice of the Massachusetts Fair. For several years, these have been among the most efficient agencies in the anti-slavery cause. The money raised is a highly important consideration, yet it is the least of the benefits conferred. Hearts are kindled, lagging sympathies wakened afresh, and new minds every year brought within the circle of anti-slavery interest. Those who get up these fairs, are by no means engaged in child's play; on the contrary, it is one of the most onerous and wearisome tasks performed for the benefit of the suffering slave. Few who look on the splendid whole, or hear of the aggregate pecuniary result, have any idea of the toil, anxiety, expense, and inventive ingenuity, expended in the process. With anti-slavery fairs, this is peculiarly true; for they are not sustained by the breeze of popular favor; whatever success *they* gain is by rowing, with persevering hand, *against* the current. How bravely and successfully this has been done, the increasing receipts of each year will show.

In the city of New-York, there is no foundation for such an enterprise; every effort of the kind has proved a failure. It is far wiser to use our time and materials for the benefit of the Massachusetts, or the Pennsylvania Fair; both to be held about the same time. For this purpose, all donations will be most gratefully received; whether they be of fifty dollars, or half a dollar, in value; nothing can in reality be small, which represents a benevolent heart, or is given to sustain a principle. We earnestly intreat the friends of the cause, in all directions, to bring what they have to offer. The times are severely hard, and it will be far more arduous than usual to carry through a successful enterprise of this kind this year. Let every one help, if it be but little. Let those who can, give money; those who cannot afford that, give work; and those who have not time to spare, can help us by donations of scraps of silk, ribbons, and fine muslin, minerals, engravings, shells, &c. Whoever, in this region, is willing to *give* anything, or *do* anything, we beg them to call upon Abby H. Gibbons, 31 Rivington street, New-York. Articles, or packages, left with her, directed either to the Massachusetts or Pennsylvania Fair, will be carefully sent to their destination.

To our friends in ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND, we tender our most hearty and affectionate thanks, for the generous assistance they have given in former years, and we earnestly beg them not to forget us now. Something of reluctance mingles with the request; for we cannot forget their own famishing millions. But what they would send us, though generous in itself, would be but a drop in the ocean, in relation to that great mass of human suffering. Real and permanent relief can come only through the dissemination and embodiment of principles identical with ours. The gifts which we ask, and they offer, in the name of human rights, may be unnoticed, but powerful, agents in peacefully restoring a lost equilibrium to the heaving elements of society among themselves. No wishes or efforts sent out for the good of our race are ever lost. After wandering abroad, on their mission of humanity, for centuries, they may return, like the dew, to bless our own posterity.

We are thankful for the *money* brought by the generous and tasteful donations of our British friends; but this constitutes the smallest part of their value. Struggling as we are with discouraging obstacles on every side, we are che

hardly know how to spare their friendly co-operation. Can they not employ their own poor to make articles for our poor, and in this way feed two birds from the same loaf? There is something peculiarly delightful in such two-edged charity. At all events, pray let us hear a cheering voice from across the waters.—L. M. C.

H. MARTINEAU.

Our most cordial thanks are due to Mrs. Follen, for the highly interesting correspondence in another column of this week's paper. Such an instance of lofty adherence to principle is indeed refreshing, in these days of mammon-worship. It ought to be told; for the world has need of such examples. This consideration will, we trust, reconcile Miss Martineau to the course her friend has taken.

The truly great mind, while it places no value upon notoriety, and would, as a matter of taste, prefer to avoid it, will yet be most willing to be used for the benefit, or happiness, of the haman family. It was this amiable and expansive feeling, which led Harriet Martineau, while she was in this country, to talk of herself, and her own experience, with an unusual degree of openness, that some mistook for egotism. But it might be truly said of her, as it was of Jeremy Bentham, "The very egotism occasionally indulged was a manifestation of a *want* of self-thought. This unpopular failing is, after all, one of the characteristics of a natural and simple mind. It requires much thought about one's self, to *avoid* speaking of one's self."

Harriet Martineau is willing the world should know all about her, of good or evil; she is willing to be either example or warning, so that she can but serve any human soul. With her, all lies on the surface; though much has been brought up from depths strewed with gems. I smile when I hear the charge of egotism; for in the fair and frank simplicity, the transparent truthfulness, that shines from every page of her writings, I recognize a greatness of soul, that could hardly comprehend what egotism, in its narrow, selfish sense, might mean.

It is a sublime spectacle to see such a woman calmly and heroically waiting for death; resisting all temptations that might lead to a compromise of principle; dying slowly, of a disease she knows to be incurable; her faith strongly fixed on another world, and her loving sympathies flowing, even to the last hour, over the whole human race. God bless and strengthen her! She has not lived, and she will not die in vain.—L. M. C.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

These valuable republications are again issued, with Mr. Mason's characteristic neatness and dispatch. The set for July furnish a treat richer than usual. The Foreign Quarterly, always most welcome to the lovers of literature, contains: The Reign of Terror, its Causes and Results; (an admirable article) Characteristics of German Genius; (highly interesting) The Writings of Catullus; The German in England; The last fifteen years of the Bourbons; Friedrich, Baron de la Motte Fouqué; Mathilde, by Eugene Sue; Tasso and Chatterton; The American Envoy and the King of the French; Demidoff's Travels in Russia; &c. &c.

The Edinburgh contains a very admirable article on the Jesuits; The strange and painful trial of Madame Lafarge; Stephens's Central America; Millengen's History of Duelling; Barrow's Tour in Lombardy, Tyrol, and Bavaria; Report of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity; Caldwell's Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands; Political Economy, by Dr. Freiderich List.

The London Quarterly contains, Paris and its Dangerous Classes; (abounding with interesting information concerning the outward diseases of society) The Encyclopedia Brittanica; Histoire d'un College Breton, sous L'Empire; Animal Chemistry; Caldwell's Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands; The Condition of the Women and Children employed in the Mines; (a painfully interesting article) Mrs. Loudon's Gardening for Ladies, Botany, &c.; Madame D'Arblay's Correspondence.

The Westminster contains, Oxford Tracts; Roman Poets; Frederick the Great; American Geology; Children in Mines and Collieries; the Queen's Ball; Prospects of the Fine Arts; French Revolution; Wood Engraving among Female Artists.

Mr. Mason well deserves the thanks and patronage of the community, for placing these valuable periodicals before the public, in reprints so neat and correct, almost as soon as the originals can arrive from Europe.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 33.

It is curious how a single note in the great hymn of Nature sometimes recalls the memories of years—opens whole galleries of soul-painting, stretching far off into the remote perspective of the past. Rambling on the Brooklyn side of the ferry the other evening, I heard the note of a Katy-did. Instantly it flashed upon my recollection, under what impressive circumstances I, for the first time in my life, heard the singular note of that handsome insect. Six years ago, George Thompson accompanied us to New-York. It was August; a month which the persecuted abolitionists were wont to observe brought out a multitude of snakes and southerners. The comparison was made with no sectional hostility, but in reference to the effects such visiters produced on the comfort and safety of ourselves and the colored population. When southern merchants and travellers abound in our cities, the chance is, mobs and kidnappers will abound also.

Times have changed since 1835. Thanks to the despised agency of anti-slavery societies, the abolition sentiment has now spread widely, and taken a firm hold of the sympathies of the people. Moreover, southern trade is in less esteem than it was then; and they who have made us "a nation of bankrupts," have now less to expend for eggs and brick-bats, or to hire the hands that throw them. In 1835, they were in the full tide of successful experiment, and the whole North trembled before them; with the exception of one small but undaunted phalanx. The steamboat, which brought us to New-York, was filled with our masters. We saw one after another pointing out George Thompson; and never has it been my fortune to witness such fierce manifestations of hatred written on the human countenance. Men, who a few moments before seemed like polished gentlemen, were suddenly transformed into demons.—They followed close behind us, as we walked the deck, with clenched fists, and uttering the most fearful imprecations. One man, from Georgia, drew a sword from his cane, and swore he would kill whoever dared to say a word against slavery. It was our intention to stop at Newport, to visit a relative; and I was glad that it so happened; for had we gone on, the boat would have arrived in New-York just at dark; and I, for one, had no inclination to land at that hour, with such a set of ferocious characters, to whom our persons were well known, and whom we had observed in whispered consultation, ominous of mischief. We pursued our route the next day, without attracting attention; and fearing that George Thompson would bring ruin to the dwelling of any acquaintance we might visit in the city, we crossed over to Brooklyn, to the house of a friend who had known and loved him in Europe. The katydids were then in full concert; and their name was legion. It was the first time I had ever heard them; and my mind was in that excited state, which made all sounds discordant. We were most hospitably received; yet it was evident that our host had much rather we had staid at home.—He told us that the news of George Thompson's approach had preceded us, and that the most awful excitement prevailed in the city; it was as much as his house was worth, to have it known that the roof covered him.—For his sake, we kept within doors, and avoided the front windows. The next day, he brought over from the city a placard which was posted up on posts, and at street-corners, throughout New-York. I have it now; and never look at it without seeing images of the French revolution. It ran thus:

"That notorious English swindler and vagabond, George Thompson, is now in the city, and supposed to be at the house of Lewis Tappan, No. 40 Rose street. I hereby order my trusty followers to bring him before me, without delay. JUDGE LYNCH."

Mr. Thompson seemed, as he did on all similar occasions, very little disturbed concerning his own danger; but our host was so obviously anxious, that it imparted a degree of uneasiness to us all. That night, I started at every sound; and when the harsh and unusual notes of that army of katydids met my ear, I was again and again deceived by the impression that they were the shouts of a mob in the distance. I shall never be able to get rid of the image thus engraved; to my mind the katydid will forever speak of mobs. I am sorry for it; for it is a pretty creature, and meant me no such harm. The next day, Thompson returned to Boston by a 4 o'clock morning boat. We afterward learned that extensive preparations had been made to mob Lewis Tappan's house, in obedience to the commands of "Judge Lynch." A few southerners, probably those who came in the boat with us, had hired their "trusty followers" to have a ladder in readiness in rear of the building, and proceed in any way most likely to secure Thompson. Luckily, the agents of the intended mischief mentioned it to a political comrade, who had become somewhat infected with abolition himself. He gave information of names, dates, and places; upon which the mayor addresssd letters to several gentlemen, warning them of the liabilities they would incur, by this mode of sustaining the "patriarchal institution." Finding their names were known to the authorities, they relinquished their design. Our host was by no means quite reassured, even when Thompson and my husband had both left. I was not of sufficient consequence to endanger anybody; but should I be recognized, it might naturally be reported that Thompson was in the same house. Resolving that no one should incur risk on my account, and being utterly without friends in New-York, I went to a hotel at Bath, and staid there alone. Never, before or since, have I experienced such utter desolation, as I did the few days I remained there. It seemed to me as if anti-slavery had cut me off from all the sympathies of my kind. As I sat there alone, watching the surging sea, I wrote the following lines, for George Thompson's magnificent album. They have been several times printed; but as my reminiscences are busy with him, I will repeat them:

I've heard thee when thy powerful words
Were like the cataract's roar—
Or like the ocean's mighty waves
Resounding on the shore.

But even in reproof of sin,
Love brooded over all—
As the mild rainbow's heavenly arch
Rests on the waterfall.

I've heard thee in the hour of prayer,
When dangers were around:
Thy voice was like the royal harp,
That breathed a charmed sound.

The evil spirit felt its power,
And howling turned away;
And some, perchance, "who came to scoff,
Remained with thee to pray."

I've seen thee, too, in playful mood,
When words of magic spell
Dropped from thy lips like fairy gems,
That sparkled as they fell.

Still great and good in every change!
Magnificent and mild!
As if a seraph's god-like power
Dwelt in a little child.

Among the various exciting recollections with which Thompson is associated, no one is impressed so deeply on my mind as the 1st of August, 1835. It was the first anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies; and the abolitionists of Boston proposed to hold a meeting in commemoration of that glorious event. The Tremont House was swarming with southerners; and they swore that George Thompson should not be allowed to speak. The meeting was, however, held at Julian Hall. Few people were there, and I had a chance to observe them all. Near the stairs, was a line of men in fine broadcloth, whom I saw at a glance were slaveholders; the fact was plainly enough written in the clenched fist, the fiercely compressed lip, and the haughty carriage of the head. In front of them were a dozen or more stout truckmen, in shirt sleeves, with faces red enough to make a rain-drop sizzle, if it should chance to fall upon them. Various nods and glances were exchanged between fine broadcloth and shirt sleeves; there seemed to be an understanding between them; they were in fact "the glorious Union." Near the front seats, in the midst of the abolitionists, was an ill-looking fellow, whose bloated countenance, so furious and so sensual, seemed a perfect embodiment of the French revolution. A genteel-looking young man, with nice gloves, and white fur hat, held frequent whispered consultations with this vile-looking personage. It seemed to me a strange alliance. I inquired who the white hat was, and was told that it was Mr. Stetson, bar-keeper of the Tremont. I mentioned this fact to my husband, who saw in it the same significance that I did.

Thompson came in late, while S. J. May was speaking. Fine broadcloth pointed thumbs at him significantly, shirt sleeves nodded, and white hat whispered to M. Guillotine. My heart throbbed violently; I saw that there were well-managed preparations for a savage mob. Thompson could not have been unconscious of this, even if violent threats had not reached him before he came. Yet he was perfectly self-collected; and such burning torrents of eloquence as he poured forth, I never before listened to! There was nothing vulgar or vindictive, but it scorched like the lightning. The southerners writhed under it; the truckmen were amazed. He described what the foul system *was* that had been destroyed in the British West Indies; what it was, and must be, in all countries, and under all governments.—He told of the negroes' gratitude, and of their midnight chorus of prayer and praise. Then, in tones deep and solemn, like an old cathedral bell, he added, slowly, "It is the death-knell of American slavery!"

Excited by the powerful eloquence, and goaded with rage, the southerners rose in a body, and with loud stamping, left the hall. The truckmen went tearing down stairs after them, like so many furies. When the noise subsided, Thompson, half smiling, said, "Since the gentlemen for whose especial benefit I have been speaking have withdrawn, I will soon finish my remarks." Their allies had not all withdrawn, however; for well do I remember the dark and threatening scowls that followed this cool declaration.

When the meeting closed, the heart of every abolitionist beat with a quickened pulse, for Thompson's safety. From time to time, the fierce, impatient faces of the truckmen, were seen above the staircase; their courage evidently reinforced by fresh supplies of rum, paid for by southern generosity. Abolitionists, who left the meeting, came back to tell that the stairway and entry were lined with desperate-looking fellows, brandishing clubs and cart-whips; and that a carriage, with the steps down, stood close to the door. I did not then know that a train was laid by our friends for Thompson's escape. All I could do, was to join with the women, who formed a dense circle around him; a species of troops in much requisition at that period, and well known by the name of "Quaker militia." My husband, in the meantime, being acquainted with the bar-keeper of the Tremont, entered into conversation with him, and held him by the coat-button, to his most visible annoyance. Near the platform where the speakers had stood, was a private door, leading, by a flight of back stairs, into a store-room, that opened into another street than the front entrance. The mob were either ignorant of this entrance, or forgetful; but our friends were neither. One of our number held the key; a second had engaged a carriage, with swift horses, and a colored driver; a third made a signal from a window, for the carriage to approach the store communicating with the back passage. Holding Thompson in friendly chat, the women, as it were quite accidentally, approached the private door. The circle opened—the door opened—a volley of oaths from the truckmen, and a deafening rush down the front stairs—but where was *he?*

For a few agonizing moments, we who remained in the hall could not answer. But presently, S. J. May came to us, with a face like Carara marble, and breathed, rather than uttered, the welcome words, "Thank God! he's safe!"

Their carriage was in readiness, to convey him to a southern vessel, and an ignominious death; but he entered *our* carriage, and was off like the wind; though the mob turned the corner of the building quick enough to clutch at the wheels, as they started.

Much as southerners hated George Thompson, he was the very man they would have peculiarly admired, had any other subject than slavery been the theme of his eloquence. His bold frankness, his earnest enthusiasm, his rapid changes from the thrilling to the comic—the spontaneous heartiness of his whole character and manner, were all well calculated to please southern taste. Mr. Kingsley, of Florida, fully concurred in this sentiment. "I've heard many public speakers in my lifetime," said he, "but I never but once heard eloquence to be compared to George Thompson. His only equal, in my estimation, was Sheridan, an emancipated slave, sent out to Africa, by the colonization society. The planters used to ride miles and miles to hear him; and all agreed that they never heard so great a natural orator. I used to tell them, 'Hear George Thompson, and he'll captivate you, in spite of your teeth.'"

No effort of Thompson's ever *surprised* me more than his discussion with R. R. Gurley, in Boston. No one who had lived here from the first conception of the colonization society, could have brought a greater amount of information to bear on that treacherous scheme. It was a beautiful sight, to see his manly directness and eloquent sincerity, in contrast with Mr. Gurley's jesuitical evasions, hair-splitting subtlety, and cunning appeals to popular prejudice. I shall never forget the expressive beauty of his countenance, and the gracefulness of his unstudied attitude, as he stood with his cloak folded about him, like some fine old statue, and answered Mr. Gurley's reiterated sneers at England: "I rejoice to hear the guilt charged upon England. Yes, heap it upon erring, sinning England! Mountains on mountains, till it reaches to the skies! So much the more need that I, a humble representative of England, should strive to *atone* for the mischief she has done. As you have copied England in her *sin*, copy her in her *repentance!*"

This devoted friend of humanity is now exerting his admirable powers to the utmost, for the repeal of the corn laws, and the oppressed in the East Indies. The respect and love of thousands of England's best and noblest spirits follow him wherever he goes. The proscribed of America is the idol of Great Britain. Yet he writes to me, "I long, impatiently and painfully, again to tread the shores of America; not merely to grasp those I love by the hand, but to share again the labors and sufferings of the devoted ones, who are still striving to sustain the standard of freedom and equality—to endure the *extra* persecution which would be awarded to me, the most obnoxious and hated being that ever stood on American soil. But my work is here; and I must not permit inclination to be my guide. Never, for a moment, think my zeal in your cause has abated. The links that bind me to you are as bright and strong as ever; and if God permits, I hope yet to realize the cherished wish of my heart, and see you again, though it be but for a short time. Oh, how distinct are the scenes we have passed through together. Your attendance at my lectures; the Gurley debate; those trying scenes at Brooklyn; the farewell, when Judge Lynch was announced at New-York. Oh, how vivid are all these memories, though seven years have rolled away! God bless you both, and those who labor with you to advance the best of causes."

I never saw George Thompson again, after that hurried farewell at morning twilight, when "Judge Lynch" was lying in wait for him. He left the country a few months after.—L. M. C.

☞ James Monroe writes to us, "John Gallop, of Brooklyn, Conn. wants his Standard, because it is edited by a woman"! As this individual is a subscriber, we presume our agent has omitted a word, and that John Gallop wants his Standard *stopped*, for the reason aforesaid. If James Monroe will inform us in his next letter, the request shall be promptly complied with, and no charge to Mr. Gallop for the paper meantime.

☞ There will be an Anti-Slavery gathering, at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. on the 23d inst. It is expected that Isaac T. Hopper will be present. This is mentioned for the information of friends at a distance, many of whom wish to know whether they shall there be likely to meet this vigorous old friend of freedom.

NOTICE.—The anti-slavery almanac, for 1843, will be for sale at 143, Nassau street, on the 1st day of September, next. Will our friends send in orders fast and strong?

☞ The Committee of the American Society, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of fifty copies of "Slavery, Its Unconstitutionality," from the author, G. W. F. Mellen, of Boston.

☞ We call the attention of those interested, to a change in the order of conventions in Western New-York. See notice.

☞ Pennsylvania friends will please observe the notice of the Chester county annual meeting.

Abby Kelley's Post office address, will be the places in which the County Conventions are to be held, at the times of their sessions.

Anti-Slavery Items.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN EAST TENNESSEE.—It appears from the following article, that we have published a *hoax*; and that East Tennessee does not deserve *all* the credit that we have been glad to award her. The article referred to, seemed to come on good authority, and it is embodied in the last report of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Watchman of the Valley, of the 14th ult. says:

"The article copied by us last week, respecting the formation of an anti-slavery society in East Tennessee, we are informed by a friend, in whose veracity and knowledge of the whole affair we have full confidence, is a vile hoax, got up by a few young men in that region, for mere sport; who, to make the thing the more ridiculous, paraded the names of some well-known slaves, among the officers of the fictitious society.

A PATRIARCH WITNESS.—It is stated in the Northampton Courier, that the aged and distinguished Noah Webster delivered an address at Amherst, Mass. on the last 4th of July, in which he delineated, in a striking manner, the war which the slaveholders have waged against the rights and interests of the North, from the foundation of the government up to the year 1815. It is to be hoped he will write the second part, and that the whole will be published.

THE CIRCLE SPREADS.—We are pleased to see in the western papers a call for an anti-slavery convention in Wiskonsan; signed by one hundred and fifteen citizens. It was to meet on the 2d of August, at Delavan, Walworth county.

CONVENTION.—The national convention of colored persons, advertised to be held in Philadelphia, on the 30th ult. has been postponed, if not entirely abandoned.

THE PHILADELPHIA MOB.—A correspondent of the New-York Journal of Commerce gives the following very interesting particulars, in connection with the recent disgraceful outbreaks. "They should be recorded, not merely because they are honorable to the persons alluded to, but also because such facts do honor to human nature:"

"For some months past, a respectable colored physician, named James J. G. Bias, in connection with two or three white philanthropists, has been lecturing on temperance, among the people of color who reside in Southwark and Moyamensing. In this district—where, by the way, the riots prevailed—there are four hundred and fifty liquor sellers, who have averaged about five dollars a day in receipts from the poor and miserable inhabitants who are allured to their rum-dens. These rum sellers are chiefly low Irishmen. Many of them have been accustomed to employ boys and girls—paying their parents for their services in liquor—to beg cold victuals for their retail trade, and to pilfer to supply their shelves. These young beggars and thieves frequently sleep in hordes in the cellars of these groggeries, and are charged three cents a night for their lodgings. When the Washington temperance societies were organized, Dr. Bias and a few coadjutors determined on making what Dr. Chalmers calls an aggressive movement into these precincts of hell. A building was erected and dedicated last November. Here Dr. Bias delivered his temperance lectures, and received pledges of total abstinence from all that will intoxicate. He and his friends were accustomed to go to the most degraded places, take the inebriates from the ditches even, bring them to the hall, get them to sign the pledge, wash and clothe them, and send them into the country to labor.—During these labors, 1047 colored persons, and 120 white persons, have been induced to sign the pledge, in the region described. One of the liquor sellers was induced to come to the hall and sign the pledge. He immediately brought out his rum, &c. and burned it in the street. The average daily receipts of the rum shops were reduced from five dollars to about fifty cents!

These results greatly exasperated these rum sellers, and they swore revenge; naturally thinking that if they continued, their occupation was gone. Father Mathew had ruined many, (said one who had left a rum shop in Ireland,) and in this land of liberty they expected to do as they liked.

When the people of color in Philadelphia resolved to celebrate the emancipation of 800,000 people of color in the British West Indies, they made arrangements to do it on the anniversary, August first, in a becoming manner. They took order to have a procession, appropriate banners, and religious and other services. The committee of arrangements directed that no *canes* should be carried in the procession; thereby showing a laudable desire to preserve peace and harmony between those in the procession and those out of it.

Our object was not to remark upon the disgraceful outrages—the cruelties exercised by king mob—the mistakes made by the authorities—the conduct of the fire companies; but to present a few facts not generally known in this city. 'Honor to whom honor is due.'"

COLORPHOBIA.—We mentioned in our last that Major Noah had attacked Mr. Greeley, of the New-York Tribune, for eating at the same table with "negroes," and that Mr. Greeley denied having been conscious of any such neighborhood. Major Noah, with characteristic dignity and truth, returns to the attack, declaring that he ate his breakfast "between two negroes." Horace Greeley denies the charge. He says:

"The two blacks, about whom the uproar was made, we never saw in the world. We have never associated with blacks; never eaten with them; and yet it is quite probable, that if we *had* seen two cleanly, decent colored persons sitting down at a second table in another room, just as we were finishing our breakfast, we might have gone away without thinking or caring about the matter. We choose our own company, in all things, and that of our own race; but cherish little of that spirit which for eighteen centuries has held the kindred of M. M. Noah accursed of God and man, outlawed and outcast, and unfit to be the associates of Christians, Mussulmen, or even self-respecting Pagans. Where there are thousands who would not eat with a negro, there are (or lately were) tens of thousands who would not eat with a Jew. We leave to such renegades as the Judge of Israel the stirring up of prejudices, and the prating of 'usages of society,' which over half the world make him an abhorrence, as they not long since would have done here, while we treat all men according to what they are, and not whence they spring."

Our readers are doubtless aware that Major Noah is a Jew. We mention it as explanatory of the above allusions, not as a circumstance either to his credit or discredit. It appears to us that the remarks of the editor of the Tribune do evince some degree of that spirit which has so wickedly oppressed and persecuted the Jews. If such a man as Charles Lenox Remond, or colored scholars and gentlemen, such as abound in Haiti, France, and the European islands, should happen to take lodgings at the Graham House in Barclay street, would Mr. Greeley insist upon their sitting at a "*second table* in *another* room, just as he was *finishing* his breakfast?" The Tribune so often manifests a more enlarged comprehension of human brotherhood, than is common with the editorial corps, that we cannot believe he would so far succumb his own reason and dignity to a narrow and vulgar prejudice. If he would, the more's the pity.

Congress.

The Tariff, or Revenue Bill, after the prodigous amount of time and effort expended in maturing it, was returned, on the 9th, with the President's *veto*. The principal objection stated in his message was, that it united with a tariff the distribution of public lands, and that this is forbidden by the necessities of the treasury. It has of course given rise to great party excitement; increased by the universal stagnation of trade—men looking eagerly toward any measure that seemed to them to promise even temporary relief. On the 11th, Mr. Proffit, of Indiana moved to take up the vetoed revenue bill, that they might dispose of it, and pass another. The motion failed, yeas 82, nays 104. A select committee has been appointed to report on the subject, of which J. Q. Adams is chairman. It is supposed that the debate arising on his report (into which Mr. Adams will probably throw all his strength) will be the last action of this very long session. A resolution has passed to adjourn on the 22d of August. In the meantime, much important business will be done, in the passag of bills on which there can be no partisan debate.

August 8th. Mr. Andrews, of Ohio, introduced a resolution to rescind the vote of censure passed on J. R. Giddings, March 21st, 1842. Mr. Mallory of Va. and others objected. Mr. Andrews demanded the yeas and nays should be taken. A motion to adjourn was thereupon made and carried.

Various reports have been received from the executive departments, in answer to calls from the House: among them one from the navy department, saying that no information could be given as to the number of colored seamen in the navy; as no distinction of color was made in the enlistment returns—a practical reproof of the unjustifiable and illiberal objection of Mr. Calhoun to the enlistment of colored seamen.

In the Senate, Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, has submitted some petitions from Florida, for its admission as a State into the Union.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed a the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged,	$5,200
53 Brooklyn, Conn.	100
54 Leicester, Mass.	100
55 Killingly & Thompson, Conn.	100

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th month, (August) 16th.

For the Standard.—The following persons have paid $2 each:—Rev. Joseph Whittemore, Aug. Morse, James C. Cleaveland, A. S. Parmelee, B. B. Mussey, William Saunders, New Ipswich, N. H.; Newman Clark, West Hampton, Mass.; Elizabeth Cook, do.; Mary R. Clark, do.; Job C. Cudworth, Chesterfield, Mass.; William P. Giles, Thadeus Edwards, Serena Field, Alpheus Weller, Skeneateles, N. Y.; Isaac Storms, Morovia, Cayuga county, N. Y.; Jacob Benton, Louisa C. Greenwood, Mrs. Samuel May, Francis Jackson, James Jackson, Boston, Mass.; Jeremiah Browning, Hudson, N.Y.; Caleb Allis, Skeneateles, N. Y.; R. W. Paddleford, Basil, Linchecome, Buffalo; John Souter, Niagara Falls; Joseph C. Martin, Chaplin, Ct.

John Marsh, Russelburg, Warren county, Penn. $1; John Israel, do. $1; Daniel Pound, do. $1; Rev. Edwin Thompson, New Ipswich, N. H. $3; R. Teachout, Marengo, N. Y. $1 67; Reuben Randall, Leicester, Mass. $1 66 cents; Rufus Rockwood, Leicester, Mass. 66 cents; Lunt and Roberts, Leicester, Mass. $1 66 cents; Hartwell and Smith, Leicester, Mass. $1 66 cents; M. Kelley, Leicester, Mass. 83 cents; John Gallup, Brooklyn, Conn. 75 cents; J. K. Tainter, Leicester, Mass. $1 66; Parley Hutchins, Worthington, Mass. $1; John Barrow, Skeneateles, $1; Henry King, North Chester, Mass. $1; Henry Curtis, Westford, Ct. 75 cents; William Bates, George A. Dresser, Levi Wheaton, Abington Ct. $1 50 cents each; W. L. Caulkins, S. E. Hitchcock, H. H. Corbin, T. F. Bryan, Lorin King, O. S. Chapins, and Ethan Fenn, Gosport, Niagara county, N.Y. $1 67 cents each; William Adams, Middleport, Niagara county, N. Y. $5 01 cent; Samuel Sherman, James Sleeper, do. each, $1 67 cents; William Cordukes, Buffalo, $1; Ephraim Gregory, Lockport, N. Y. $1; Smith Darling, S. J. Olney, Guy Humphrey, and J. Keeler, Somerset Corner, Niagara county, N. Y. $1 67 each; G. W. Johnson, Esq. Buffalo, $1; Calvin Ely, Lancaster, Erie county, N. Y. $1 50.

Donations.—Fisher Messenger, (by O. Johnson,) $10; a friend, 25 cents; do. 25 cents; do. 5 cents; all of West Hampton Mass.; Nathan Clark, do. do. $1; a friend, do. do. 5 cents; Timothy Phelps, do. do. $1; Dolly Durante, do. do. $1; Elizabeth Cook, do. $2; a friend, do. 12 cents; a friend, do. 12 cents; Ansel Clapp, do. $8; friend, Brooklyn, Conn. $25; a friend, Leicester, Mass. $10; a friend, Brooklyn, Conn. $5; Stephen Earle, Leicester, Mass. $1; Mrs. William Coe, Brooklyn, Conn. $1; Henry Hammond, Pomfret Landing, Ct. 50 cents; Panto Cornter, Canterbury, Conn. 25 cents; Reuben Randall, Leicester, Mass. $1; Lodicea A. Waite, Leicester, Mass. $1; Bindab E. Natop, Canterbury, Conn. 25 cents; a friend, Brooklyn, Conn. 5 cents; George B. Upham, Liecester, Mass. $1; William Saunders, Union, Conn. 25 cents; George Williams, Union, Conn. 25 cents; Samuel Carr, Union, Conn. 25 cents; S. Bantum, Woodstock, Conn. 25 cents; W. Bantum, 12 1-2 cents; E. Bantum, Woodstock, Connecticut, 12 1-2 cents; O. Osborn, Foster, R. I. 10 cents; S. Newhall, West Greenwich, R. I. 10 cents; Thadeus Edwards, Skeneateles, $1; Lydia Fuller, do. $5; James Rattle, Woodstock, Conn. $2 50; Henry King, North Chester, Mass. $1; Cooley Howard, do. 12 cents; Thomas A. Hunt, do. 6 cents; N. Healy, do. do. 50 cents; P. B. Cooke, do. 50 cents. Powell and Borden, Sailors' Home, 61 Cherry-street, for the following persons: Noah Collins 35 cents; Edward Theene, $10; John Stewart, $3; Moses Bantrum, 75 cents; William Gardner, 25 cents; Earnest Rama, $1; Robert Frame, 25 cents; D. Derrickson, 6 cents; a friend, 6 cents. Collections in Buffalo, $6 89 cents; Abner B. Laing, do. $1; a friend, do. 90 cents; William Jones, do. 25 cents; Eastern Penn. State Anti-Slavery Society, $100.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Brougham's motion on the national distress was brought forward by him, on the 11th, in the House of Peers. He painted, with harrowing fidelity, the intense misery now endured by the working classes—praised, with glowing eulogy, their patience and virtuous bearing—denounced, in terms of withering scorn, the attempts made by unmeaning, and no-meaning persons, to turn them from their duty to their country, their families, and themselves; and called upon their lordships, not to turn a deaf ear to the horrors of his details, but to consult together, and ascertain whether some temporary, if not substantial relief, could not be extended towards the famishing thousands, before the approaching of, perhaps, a rigorous winter. "Thousands of persons," added the noble lord, "were without food for days; he could not say that it was for one day alone, without a morsel of food. In some cases, the poor were unable to leave their beds. They thus starved for days; because, as it was said by some of them, that in a recumbent position, the pangs of hunger were more easily endured. They were living on things that ought not to be eaten by men; and literally envied the husks to the swine which they could not eat."

The House of Lords received the declaration of such melancholy and heart-rending facts, without a single note of sympathy, or sound of commiseration.

The motion was opposed by the Earl of Ripon, on the part of the ministry, and finally negatived by the House.

Sir Robert Peel has brought a bill into the House of Commons, for the better security of the royal person; and it was unanimously read a first and second time on the same night. The bill divests such offenses as those lately perpetrated, of the dignity which accompanies treason, and treats the culprits more in their truer characters, as rogues and vagabonds. It provides for the due punishment of those offenses against the royal person, which amount to persecution and annoyance, without being positively dangerous—such as pointing fire-arms at the sovereign, discharging them, or explosive or destructive materials, near the person of the sovereign, or throwing any substance at the sovereign. These offenses are to be published as larcenies; but power is given to the judges to direct that the convicts be liable to personal chastisement.

Sir James Graham, in the House of Commons, stated the terrible fact, that twelve hundred thousand people are at present receiving parochial relief in England and Wales! One in every thirteen of the population is on the poor rates, and we may safely assume that one in every ten is destitute. This state of distress is unparalleled, we do believe, in the annals of any nation on the face of the earth.

The Affghan War.—Up to 1839, this war had cost the British government $50,000,000. Since then, it has cost $15,000,000 every year.

TEXAS.

The Texan Congress adjourned on the 23d. An act was passed, authorizing offensive war against Mexico; but it was vetoed by President Houston, on the ground that the republic had not means to carry on such a war; and that Congress had no authority, under the constitution, for such a measure. It is said, however, that the veto is merely a *ruse*, to deceive the Mexicans; for active preparations are still going on—the squadron has been sent to sea, and Congress has made ample appropriations for its outfit and support. A bill, authorizing the President to sell or mortgage 400,000 acres of the Cherokee lands, will tend to raise the credit of Texas. A bill, to regulate the collection of duties, and to receive specie, or its equivalent, in exchequer bills, is of great importance.—*New-York Tribune.*

Senor J. Antonio Navarro, one of the Texan Santa Fé commissioners, is still confined in the celebrated Acordada, city of Mexico. Being a Mexican by birth, the feeling against him is much stronger than against any of the other prisoners; hence his continued confinement. At the time of the breaking out of the Texan revolution, he was a senator in the Mexican Congress, from the States of Cohahuila and Texas. He took sides with the latter; was chosen a representative to the first Congress, and, along with Zavala, was a signer of the declaration of Texan independence.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Capt. Elliott, of Chinese notoriety, has been appointed British consul to Texas, where he has arrived in safety.

General Items.

"The Beginning of the End."—Stephen Smith, the owner of the building known as "Smith's Beneficial Hall," and the trustees of the Second African Presbyterian Church, the buildings destroyed by fire by the mob during the late riots, entered suit against the county of Philadelphia, in the Supreme Court yesterday, for the full amount of damages accruing from the destruction of the same.—*Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.*

Reward.—The mayor of Philadelphia has offered a reward of $500 for such information as will identify and convict the person or persons who set fire to the building called "Smith's Beneficial Hall," during the late riots in that city.

Going into Slavery.—A black woman, a slave, who some years since ran away from the South, made application yesterday to Judge Randall, of the United States Court, for a certificate to return to her master. After the hearing of a witness as to her identity as a slave of the man who appeared as her owner, the certificate was granted, and she left the office.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

We don't wonder at her. We should suppose a colored person would run to Georgia, or into an alligator's mouth, to get out of the way of such protection as Philadelphia offers.

Lightning.—On the 11th, three Germans went from New-York to Harlem, to pick blackberries. A shower came up, and they took refuge under a tree—the most dangerous place they could have chosen. The lightning descended the tree, killed two of them instantly, and rendered the third insensible for a long time.

On the 19th ult. six drunkards were struck by lightning, at Shelbyville, Ky. and four were instantly killed.

Remedy for a Shock of Lightning.—A person struck down by lightning, though apparently dead, should be immediately extended on the damp ground, and if it does not rain on him, water should be dashed on freely, especially on the head. This, in many cases, will conduct off the electric fluid, without serious injury. By this simple means, persons have recovered, though apparently dead. It is the most effectual remedy ever practiced.

The Rice Crop.—From all quarters the accounts indicate a large and early crop of this staple.—*Savannah Republican.*

Arrested.—Joseph Boyle, charged with the murder of Rufus Sewall, at Shreveport, La. on the evening of the 5th of June, has been arrested. He was taken near the Texan line. The $500 offered for his apprehension has been paid over.

The Picayune, from which the above is taken, says further, that on the night of the 20th, three men broke open the jail, and shot Boyle's brains out. They then took refuge in a house, whither they were pursued by a mob. The leader among the three, on attempting to escape, was shot—the other two capitulated, and were thrown into prison. This is the way law is administered in that region.—*New-York Tribune.*

Mob Law.—Jackson county is in a state of open rebellion. On Monday, (court day,) 25th ult. the people paraded the streets of Ripley, with guns, clubs, &c. and threatened to ride upon a rail any man who bid for property under two-thirds of its value. Property was offered, but there were no bidders.—*Parkersburg (Va.) Gazette.*

In Earnest.—Mr. Charles Dickens—"Boz—"has followed up his copyright question in England, with the same ardor which has characterized him in America.—He has dispatched a circular to every author of any note, calling upon that party to hold no communion with any one in America, who may make an application for proof sheets; and to have no dealings whatever with any American bookseller who shall pirate any work of a British author.

Emigration to the British Provinces.—Canadian and New Brunswick papers contain loud complaints of the thousands of destitute foreigners from the old world, thrown upon their shores pennyless, and destitute of the means of subsistence. At St. Johns, N. B. a special meeting of magistrates has been held, to devise relief; but the St. Johns Herald says that the only thing which can be done, is to urge upon the home government the necessity of taking some measures to prevent the province from being overwhelmed by such a torrent of helplessness and poverty as has flowed upon their shores for the last twelve months.

Lightning.—The schooner Paul, from Boston to Savannah, was struck by lightning on Saturday, when off Plymouth, and Capt. Simpson, who was at the helm, was struck senseless; shortly after, smoke was seen to issue from the hatchway; and on removing them, the flames burst forth with such fury, that the crew had bare time to escape in their boat. They found it impossible to get into Plymouth; but, on Sunday evening, made out to reach Nantucket in safety, after being capsized, and again narrowly escaping with their lives.

A German was killed by lightning, on the 23d of July, while standing on the levee at New Orleans. The ship Ocmulgee was also struck, at the moorings, during the same storm; she however sustained no material damage.

NOTICES.

MINTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society have determined to hold their Ninth Annual Fair in that city, during the next Christmas week. They call on the friends of freedom and humanity to aid them in giving to this effort, diligent and vigorous co-operation. Subscription and order-books are opened at No. 25 Cornhill, No. 39 Summer street, and No. 4 High street, Boston; where advice and suggestion will be gladly interchanged.

The LIBERTY BELL will be published at the usual time—at the opening of the Fair—and in the accustomed manner, by contributions of the friends of the cause.

All those of whom the editor has promise of articles, are affectionately entreated to forward

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE LITTLE WHITE GIRL'S SONG.

TUNE—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

I have a little girl, of seven years of age, who has softened many hearts by these simple words. They were written for her, and have led to a world of inquiry relative to the condition of the slaves; affording an interesting opportunity to instil into her mind the principles of humanity and justice.

I have a white skin—and they tell me
It looks very comely, and fair;
Blue eyes, and my cheeks, too, are rosy,
And light is the hue of my hair.

I always am dress'd like a lady,
Have leisure for books, and for play;
And teachers are paid to instruct me
Each science, and art of the day.

But down in the South they assure me,
Are thousands of poor little girls,
With skins that are darker in color,
And heads cover'd over with curls.

They never have had any learning,
And dare not be taught A, B, C;
Are slaves—and are ruled by a master,
And sometimes, with great cruelty.

My mother says—He who created,
And form'd us alike ont of clay,
Will pity these dark little children,
And break all their shackles away—

Will soften the hearts of their masters,
To let the poor captives go free,
And wipe off the stain from our nation,
The blight from our Liberty tree.

EMMELINE.

LINES TO CLARKSON.

BY L. E. LANDON.

Not to the *many* doth the earth
Owe what she hath of good;
The many *would* not stir life's depths,
And *could* not, if they would.
It is some individual mind,
That moves the common cause;
To *single* efforts England owes
Her knowledge, faith, and laws.

Too much by small, low interests bound,
We track our selfish way;
Careless if hope to-day still takes
Its tone from yesterday.
We look upon our *daily* path;
We do not look *beyond*;
Forgetful of the brotherhood
In nature's mighty bond.

England, how glorious thine estate!
How lovely thine array!
Thou art the throned Island Queen,
Whom land and sea obey.
Responsible is power; and owes
The holiest debt on earth;
A strict account it owes that Heaven,
From whence it had its birth.

Can such be rendered up by *thee?*
Does neither guilt nor shame,
(Guilt to redress, shame to efface,)
Shade *thy* imperial name?
Thou who dost ask for wealth and rule,
Wherever rolls the sea,
Oh, Island Queen, how rests the claim,
That millions have on thee?

Alas, what grievous wrong is wrought,
Unnoticed and unknown,
Until some noble one stands forth,
And makes that wrong his own!
So stood he forth, who first denounced
The slave trade's cursed gain:
Such call upon the human heart
Was never made in vain.

For generous impulses and strong
Within our nature lie;
Pity, and love, and sympathy,
May *sleep*,—but never *die*.
Thousands awakened to the sense,
Have never since that time
Ceased to appeal to God and man,
Against the work of crime.

The meanest hut that ever stood,
Is yet a human *home*;
Why to a *low* and *humble* roof
Should the despoiler come?
Grant they are ignorant and weak;
We were ourselves the same:
If they are child-n, let them have
A child's imploring claim.

The husband parted from the wife,
The mother from the child;
Thousands, within a single year,
From lands and home exiled.
For what? To labor without hope,
Beneath a foreign sky;
To gather up unrighteous wealth;
To droop, decline, and die!

Such wrong is darkly visited;
The masters have their part;
For theirs must be the blinded eye,
And theirs the hardened heart.
Evil may spring unchecked,
Within the human soul;
But if such spot be not removed,
It must corrupt the whole.

The Future doth avenge the Past;
Now, for thy future's sake,
Oh, England, for the guilty past,
A deep atonement make.
The slave is given to thy charge;
He hopes from thee alone;
And thou, for every soul so given,
Must answer with thine own.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROP.

"Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkle at dawning of day—
That glitter'd like stars in the light of the moon,
Oh! why are the dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Doth the sun in his wrath chase the brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dew-drops have shrunk in their petals again.
Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away?"

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold that bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth's fair things, though passing away?
For though youth of its beauty and brightness be riv'n,
All that withers on earth blooms more sweetly in heav'n.
Look up," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Hope sits on the wings of those beautiful dyes."

Alas! for the father—how little knew he,
That the words he had spoken prophetic would be;
That the beautiful cherub—the star of *his* day,
Was even then, like the dew-drops, dissolving away;
Oh! sad was the father, when lo! in the skies,
The rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes;
And *then* he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child, and the dew-drops in heaven;
Yes, *then* he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child, and the dew-drops in heaven.

Miscellany.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY TO GEORGIA.

BY FANNY BUTLER, (LATE KEMBLE.)

Of the breakfast at this place, no words can give any idea. There were plates full of unutterable-looking things, which made one feel as if one should never swallow food again. There were some eggs, all begrimed with smoke, and powdered with cinders; some unbaked dough, cut into little lumps, by way of bread; and a white, hard substance, calling itself butter, which had an infinitely nearer resemblance to tallow. The mixture presented to us by way of tea, was absolutely undrinkable: and when I begged for a glass of milk, they brought a tumbler, covered with dust and dirt, full of such sour stuff, that I was obliged to put it aside, after endeavoring to taste it. Thus *refreshed*, we set forth again through the eternal pine-lands, on and on, the tall stems rising all around us for miles and miles, in dreary monotony, like a spell-land of dismal enchantment, to which there seemed no end. Frequently, these huge pine trees were barked half way up on one side, the turpentine, the sole valuable produce of the country, distilling in the sun from the wounded trunk. North Carolina is, I believe, the poorest State in the Union: the part of it through which we travelled should seem to indicate as much. From Suffolk to Wilmington, we did not pass a single town,—scarcely anything deserving the name of a village. The few detached houses on the road were mean and beggarly in their appearance; and the people whom we saw, when the coach stopped, had a squalid, and at the same time reckless air, which at once bore witness to the unfortunate influences of their existence. Not the least of these is, the circumstance that their subsistence is derived, in a great measure, from the spontaneous produce of the land, which, yielding without cultivation the timber and turpentine, by the sale of which they are mainly supported, denies to them all the blessings which flow from labor. How is it that the fable ever originated of God's having cursed man with the doom of toil? How is it that men have ever been blind to the exceeding profitableness of labor, even for its own sake, whose moral harvest alone—industry, economy, patience, foresight, knowledge—is in itself an exceeding great reward; to which add the physical blessings which wait on this universal law,—health, strength, activity, cheerfulness, the content that springs from honest exertion, and the lawful pride that grows from conquered difficulty. How invariably have the inhabitants of southern countries, whose teeming soil produced, unurged, the means of life, been cursed with indolence, with recklessness, with the sleepy slothfulness which, while basking in the sunshine, and gathering the earth's spontaneous fruits, satisfied itself with this animal existence, forgetting all the nobler purposes of life, in the mere ease of living? Therefore, too, southern lands have been always the prey of northern conquerors; therefore the bleak regions of Upper Europe and Asia have poured forth, from time to time, the hungry hordes, whose iron sinews swept the nerveless children of the gardens of the earth, from the face of their idle paradises; and, but for this stream of keener life, and nobler energy, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete race of lotos-eaters, than would now cumber the fairest regions of the earth. Doubtless, it is to counteract the enervating effects of soil and climate, that this northern tide of vigorous life flows forever towards the countries of the sun, that the races may be renewed, and the earth reclaimed, and the world, and all its various tribes, rescued from disease and decay by the influence of the stern northern vitality, searching and strong, and purifying, as the keen piercing winds, that blow from that quarter of the heavens. To descend to rather a familiar illustration of this, it is really quite curious to observe how many New England adventurers come to the southern States; and bringing their enterprising active character to bear upon the means of wealth, which to the North they lack, but which abound in these more favored regions, return home, after a short season of exertion, laden with the spoils of the indolent southerners. The southern people are growing poorer every day, in the midst of their slaves, and their vast landed estates; whilst every day sees the arrival amongst them of some penny-less Yankee, who presently turns the very ground he stands upon into wealth, and departs, a lord of riches, at the end of a few years, leaving the sleepy population among whom he has amassed them, floating still farther down the tide of dwindling prosperity. It is difficult to imagine, however, that any energy—even that of a Yankee—could make much of a tract of pine swamp, such as is the estate of most North-Carolinians; and when, to the disadvantages of a barren soil and hot climate, are added those of slave labor and gold mines, it is no wonder that a population, such as the pine-landers of that State, should spring up, the result of so many evil influences.

At a small place, called Waynesborough, we had to get out of the stage-coaches we were in, and, after half an hour's delay, get into others. I could not understand why this change was made, more especially as we had but ten miles further to travel, until we reached the railroad, upon which we were to proceed to Wilmington. At this place, I asked for a glass of milk, and they told me they had no such thing. Upon entering our new vehicle, we found another stranger added to the party, to my unspeakable annoyance. Complaint or remonstrance I knew, however, would be of no avail, and I therefore submitted in silence to what I could not help. At a short distance beyond Waynesborough, we were desired to alight, in order to walk over a bridge, which was in so rotten a condition, as to render it very probable that it would give way under our weight. This same bridge, whose appearance was indeed perilous, is built at a considerable height, over a broad and rapid stream, called the Neuse, the color of whose water we had an excellent opportunity of admiring, through the numerous holes in the plankage, over which we walked as lightly and rapidly as we could, stopping afterwards to see our coach come at a foot's pace after us. This may be called safe and pleasant travelling. The ten miles which followed, were over heavy, sandy roads; and it was near sunset, when we reached the place where we were to take the railroad. The train, however, had not arrived, and we sat in the coaches, there being neither town, village, nor even roadside inn at hand, where we might take shelter from the bitter blast which swept through the pine woods by which we were surrounded; and so we waited patiently, the day gradually drooping, the evening air becoming colder, and the howling wilderness around us more dismal at every moment.

In the meantime, the coaches were surrounded by a troop of gazing boors, who had come from far and near to see the hot-water carriages come up, for only the third time, into the midst of their savage solitude. A more forlorn, fierce, poor, and wild set of people, short of absolute savages, I never saw. They wandered round and round us, with a stupid kind of dismayed wonder. The men clothed in the coarsest manner, and the women also, of whom there were not a few, with the grotesque addition of pink and blue silk bonnets, with artificial flowers, and imitation-blonde veils. Here the gentlemen of our party informed us that they observed, for the first time, a custom prevalent in North Carolina, of which I had myself frequently heard before—the women chewing tobacco, and that, too, in a most disgusting and disagreeable way, if one way can be more disgusting than another. They carry, habitually, a small stick, like the small implement for cleaning the teeth, usually known in England by the name of a root,—this they thrust away in their glove, or their garter string, and, whenever occasion offers, plunge it into a snuff-box, and begin chewing it. The practice is so common, that the proffer of the snuff-box, and its passing from hand to hand, is the usual civility of a morning visit among the country people; and I was not a little amused at hearing the gentlemen who were with us, describe the process, as they witnessed it, in their visit to a miserable farm-house across the fields, whither they went to try to obtain something to eat.

It was now becoming twilight; and the male members of our caravan held council round a pine fire, as to what course had better be adopted for sheltering themselves and us, during the night, which we seemed destined to pass in the woods. After some debate, it was recollected that one Colonel ——, a man of some standing in that neighborhood, had a farm, about a mile distant, immediately upon the line of the railroad, and thither it was determined we should all repair, and ask quarters for the night. Fortunately, an empty baggage-car, or rather a mere platform upon wheels, (for it was nothing more,) stood at hand upon the iron road, and to this the luggage, and the women and children of the party, were transferred. A number of negroes, who were loitering about, were pressed into the service, and pushed it along, and the gentlemen, walking, brought up the rear. I don't know that I ever, in my life, felt so completely desolate, as during that half hour's slow progress. We sat cowering among the trunks, my faithful M—— and I, each with a baby in our arms, sheltering ourselves and our poor little burdens from the bleak northern wind that whistled over us. The last embers of daylight were dying out in dusky red streaks along the horizon, and the dreary waste around us looked like the very shaggy edge of all creation. The men who pushed us along, encouraged each other with wild shouts and yells, and every now and then their labor was one of no little danger, as well as difficulty,—for the road crossed one or two deep ravines and morasses at a considerable height; and, as it was not completed, and nothing but the iron rails were laid across piles driven into these places, it became a service of considerable risk to run along these narrow ledges, at the same time urging our car along. No accident happened, however, fortunately, and we presently beheld, with no small satisfaction, a cluster of houses in the fields, at some little distance from the road. To the principal one I made my way, followed by the rest of the poor womankind; and, entering the house without further ceremony, ushered them into a large species of wooden room, where blazed a huge, pine wood fire. By this welcome light we descried, sitting in the corner of the vast chimney, an old, ruddy-faced man, with silver hair, and a good-humored countenance, who, welcoming us with ready hospitality, announced himself as Colonel ——, and invited us to draw near the fire. The worthy colonel seemed in no way dismayed at this sudden inbreak of distressed women, which was very soon followed by the arrival of the gentlemen, to whom he repeated the same courteous reception he had given us, replying to their rather hesitating demands for something to eat, by ordering to the right and left a tribe of staring negroes, who bustled about preparing supper, under the active superintendence of the hospitable colonel. His residence (considering his rank) was quite the most primitive imaginable,—a rough brick-and-plank chamber, of considerable dimensions, not even whitewashed, with the great beams and rafters by which it was supported displaying the skeleton of the building, to the complete satisfaction of any one who might be curious in architecture. The windows could close neither at the top, bottom, sides, nor middle; and were, besides, broken, so as to admit several delightful currents of air, which might be received as purely accidental. In one corner of this primitive apartment, stood an exceedingly clean-looking bed, with coarse furniture; whilst in the opposite one, an old case clock was ticking away its time and its master's, with cheerful monotony. The rush-bottomed chairs were of as many different shapes and sizes as those in a modern fine lady's drawing-room; and the walls were hung all round with a curious miscellany, consisting principally of physic phials, turkey-feather fans, bunches of dried herbs, and the colonel's arsenal, in the shape of one or two old guns, &c. According to the worthy man's hearty invitation, I proceeded to make myself and my companions at home, pinning, skewering, and otherwise suspending our cloaks and shawls across the various intentional and unintentional air-gaps, thereby increasing both the comfort and the grotesqueness of the apartment in no small degree. The babies had bowls of milk furnished them, and the elder portion of the caravan was regaled with a taste of the colonel's home-made wine, pending the supper, to which he continued to entreat our stay. Meantime, he entered into conversation with my husband; and my veneration waxed deep, when the old man, unfolding his history, proclaimed himself one of the heroes of the revolution,—a fellow-fighter with Washington. I, who, comforted to a degree of high spirits by our sudden transition from the cold and darkness of the railroad, to the light and shelter of this rude mansion, had been flippantly handying jokes, and proceeded some way in a lively flirtation with this illustrious American, grew thrice respectful, and hardly ventured to raise either my eyes or my voice, as I inquired if he lived alone in this remote place. Yes, alone now; his wife had been dead near upon two years.

Suddenly we were broken in upon, by the arrival of the expected cars. It was past eight o'clock. If we delayed, we should have to travel all night; but, then, the colonel pressed us to stay and sup, (the bereaved colonel, the last touching revelation of whose lonely existence had turned all my mirth into sympathizing sadness). The gentlemen were famished, and well inclined to stay; the ladies were famished, too, for we had eaten nothing all day. The bustle of preparation, urged by the warm-hearted colonel, began afresh; the negro girls shambled in and out more vigorously than ever, and finally we were called to eat and refresh ourselves with—dirty water—I cannot call it tea,—old cheese, bad butter, and old, dry biscuits. The gentlemen bethought them of the good supper they might have secured a few miles further, and groaned; but the hospitable colonel merely asked them half a dollar a-piece; (there were about ten of them) paying which, we departed, with our enthusiasm a little damped for the warrior of the revolution; and a tinge of rather deeper misgiving as to some of his virtues stole over our minds, on learning that three of the sable damsels that trudged about our supper service, were the colonel's own progeny. I believe only three,—though the young negro girl, whose loquacity made us aware of the fact, added, with a burst of commendable pride and gratitude, "Indeed, he is a father to us all!" Whether she spoke figuratively, or literally, we could not determine. So much for a three hours' shelter in North Carolina.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Let us, in idea, go back two centuries and a half, and step into the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth. The walls are hung with rich tapestry, while the floor is strewed with fresh hay. At the door leading to the queen's apartments stands an usher, dressed in velvet, with a gold chain around his neck, the badge of his office. In the chamber may be seen, besides, a great number of councillors, officers of the crown, and clergymen of high rank—for the queen, after giving passing audience to those present, proceeds to chapel, the day being a holyday of the Church.

The mid-doors are thrown open, and the coming of the queen is announced. Gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed, are the first to enter the presence-chamber from her apartments. They are followed by the lord-chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse; and on each side of him walks a nobleman, one bearing the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of State in a crimson scabbard. Queen Elizabeth follows. A small golden crown is upon her head, and rests on a profusion of thick curled hair, of a color too deeply sanguine to countenance her early flatterers, when they called the hue golden. The locks now worn by Elizabeth are, however, but a close imitation of what her natural tresses were in her younger days. Rich pearls hang from her ears, and a necklace of fine jewels is thrown over her shoulders. A white silk robe, bordered with large pearls, adorns her person, and the long train is borne by a marchioness of the realm. Elizabeth is now, as has been hinted, past the meridian of her days; yet her gait is erect and majestic, and her small, dark eye retains its clear and vivid expression. A sharpening of the lines of her naturally acute lineaments is all that speaks of the advance of years.

On the occasion when this scene, here described in the present tense, was to be witnessed, foreign ministers were in the presence-chamber, and to each Elizabeth spoke in his own language, whether that were Spanish or Italian, French or Dutch. Whithersoever she turned her eye all knelt before her. Whosoever had the honor of a word from her remained kneeling, unless the great queen raised him. She passed along slowly through the large chamber, conversing with those on one side and another, and sometimes receiving strangers presented by the usher. She came at length to a gentleman advanced in years, who knelt at her look. He was richly dressed, but not in the robes of office or nobility. "Ha!" said the queen, stretching out her hand, and raising this personage; "our good citizen, Sir John Spencer. Welcome! Thou wert informed of our wish to converse with thee?" "I had the honor," answered the citizen, "to receive your majesty's commands to that effect." "Thou hast ever, indeed, good Sir John, regarded our slightest wish as a command," continued Elizabeth; "and well thy loyalty beseems thee. Thou hast paid dearly, too, for thy affectionate regard to our person." The old man sighed, as if involuntarily, showing well that he understood the queen's allusion. She went on, however, to refer more plainly to the subject, while all around fell respectfully back, marking her low tones. "It was while an attendent on our train that my young Lord Compton, first saw thy daughter, and the issue was the rash marriage which thou deplorest. Sir John, we would remedy the evil thou hast sustained." The face of the citizen knight suddenly flushed, and then left him more pale than before. He knelt down, after a moment of apparently agitated thought, and said, in a low and hurried voice, "I hope—I trust your majesty does not mean to lay your commands on me to pardon"—— The queen interrupted him. "Listen to us, Sir John Spencer. Your paternal resentment will be respected by us. It is a *favor* which we have now to require of thee, and the granting of which may partly remedy the misfortunes which you have suffered. An infant boy has somewhat strangely fallen to our particular guardianship. He is of such a rank and birth that we conceive thee to be a fitter person to act as his sponsor than any of the nobles of our court. Thy civic position suits thee much more for serving the future fortunes of this boy; and, God's bread, Sir John, thou shalt have a queen for a partner in the office."

Doubt had gradually disappeared from the citizen's brow during this speech, and had been supplanted by a feeling of the highest gratification, as was clear and apparent in his looks. "Your majesty," said he, "does me an honor which kings might be proud of. And by my life, madam, I shall prove, by my conduct to the boy, that your majesty has not so honored one who is ungrateful for it. I have no child," continued the citizen, more slowly—"I have no child, now, and my godson shall supply the place which has been willfully vacated."

The queen was obviously pleased with what had passed. As she looked on Sir John, who had cast down his eyes in closing his speech, there was a sparkle of passing pleasure in her quick, dark eye. "Farewell, for the present, Sir John Spencer," said she: "due tidings shall reach thee when it becomes necessary to assume thy new duties." The knight stooped to kiss the hand extended to him, and the queen passed on, leaving the citizen to follow, and finally wend his way homeward.

Sir John Spencer, commonly called "Rich Spencer," was, in his day, the wealthiest and most influential citizen of London. The mayoralty and shrievalty had been both served by him more than once, we believe. He was a great favorite with the queen, being noted for his public-spiritedness, and his anxiety to sustain the honor of his sovereign and his country. Such a feeling was peculiarly evinced by the opulent cloth-worker, as he was by profession, on the occasion of the Marquis of Rosny's visit to England, as ambassador of Henry IV. of France, to Elizabeth. The Marquis (afterward Duke of Sully) was lodged and entertained by Sir John, in the most sumptuous manner, at his own private cost. He was understood to be worth a million sterling, and had but one child, a daughter, his sole heiress.—Having fixed upon a son-in-law, in his own rank in life, the worthy citizen had been deeply irritated by the elopement of his daughter with the young Lord Compton; and though, at the period referred to in our story, more than a year had elapsed since the event, Sir John's anger seemed to have been increased, rather than diminished, by the lapse of time. Various attempts had been made to bring about a reconciliation, but unsuccessfully. So stood the family affairs of Sir John Spencer, when good Queen Bess intimated her wish to honor him in the manner related.

Of that honor the citizen continued to think with pride, up to the time of his receiving a message from the queen, requiring a second visit from him at Greenwich Palace. Thither, accordingly, Sir John wended his way, meditating how he might best show, in a marked manner, his sense of the high favor bestowed on him by the queen. When ushered into the presence of the latter, he found her with a goodly company of ladies and courtiers; and in presence, also, was her majesty's household chaplain. "Welcome, Sir John," said the queen, as the citizen paid his duty on entrance; "thou art punctual, yet we have been for some time in readiness. The ceremony shall be private, as best befits the condition of our poor little charge." Sir John bowed in silence; and the company, at a motion of the queen's hand, proceeded to the small chapel, where her majesty was accustomed to perform her private devotions.

We shall suppose the child baptized, and the whole ceremony over. Increasing the amount of the honor, the queen gave to the child the Christian name of "Spencer." This unexpected circumstance, and the uncommon beauty of the infant, seemed to determine the knight in its favor. "Madam," said he to the queen, with tears in his eyes, "I have resolved to show my sense of this honor, by adopting this child, now my name-son. He shall be my *sole heir*; and, that no foolish relentings may afterward affect this resolve, I here solemnly vow, before the holy altar, and in presence of your majesty, and this fair company, to settle irrevocably my estate, by deed, in this child's favor, and to place it immediately in your majesty's possession, if you will honor me by accepting such trust."

The eyes of the queen sparkled with unaffected pleasure. "'Tis well, Sir John Spencer," said she; "we are witnesses to your promise, and know that it will be kept." She then turned round, and exclaimed, looking to the door, "Without there!—You may enter." In an instant the door was thrown open, and Sir John Spencer beheld his daughter, the Lady Compton, and her husband, kneeling at his feet. Before the agitated citizen could speak, the queen addressed him. "Sir John, the child whom thou hast here adopted, is thine own grandchild. Take these, his parents, also to your favor, and make this one of the happiest hours in a queen's life."

"Pardon, dearest father, pardon!" cried the weeping daughter of the knight; "pardon," continued she, taking her child from an attendant, and raising it in her arms—"pardon, for this child's sake!"

Sir John Spencer could not resist these appeals. "Heaven bless you, my children!" said he, embracing them by turns; "I do forgive all the past; and I heartily thank her majesty, who has brought about this happy event."

Our anecdote is told. Many glorious acts signalize the reign of Elizabeth; but it may be questioned if any recorded deed of hers places her character in a more pleasing light, than the little ruse by which she reconciled Sir John Spencer and his daughter.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

John Newton, in one of his letters, says: "I wish to be more thankful for the liberty we enjoy. The *crooked* things I would leave to Him who only can make them straight. If I was to add another article to our Litany, it might run thus—'From poison and politics, good Lord deliver us?'" In another letter, written to the late excellent African missionary traveller, Mr. Campbell, of Kinsland, Mr. Newton again wisely says—"I am glad you agree with me, that it is well for both ministers and private Christians to have as little to do as possible with politics. Your idea of a *pit* in the path pleases me: It is a pit that will swallow up the life and spirit, if not the form of religion, in the case of many professors."

ANECDOTES.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge.—"What's your native language?"
Witness.—"I pe no native; I's a Dootchman."
Judge.—"What is your mother tongue?"
Witness.—"O, fader say she pe all tongue."
Judge, (in an irritable tone.)—"What language did you first learn? what language did you speak in the cradle?"
Witness.—"I tid not speak no language in de cradle at all; I only *cried in Dootch.*"

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no farther about his native language.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IRISH WIT.—"Here, you bog trotter," said a half dandy soaplock to an Irish laborer, "come tell the biggest lie you ever told, in your life, and I'll treat you to some whisky-punch." "And by my sowl, your honor's a gentleman," replied the Irishman.

A SATISFACTORY CONVERSATION.—"Halloo, stranger: you appear to be travelling."
"Yes, I always travel when on a journey."
"I think I have seen you somewhere."
"Very likely; I have often been there."
"And pray what might your name be?"
"It might be Sam Patch; but it isn't."
"Have you been long in these parts?"
"Never longer than at present;—five feet nine."
"Do you get anything new?"
"Yes; I bought a new whetstone this morning."
"I thought so; you are the sharpest blade I've seen on this road."

SPUNK.—A Kentucky girl, having married a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle. "I know, uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much, but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from anybody."

LOGIC.—Says Bill to Jack, "How many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?" "Five," answered Jack. "No, 'twouldn't neither," says Bill; "because calling the tail one leg wouldn't make it so—would it?"

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Tomato Omelet.—When stewed, beat up half a dozen new-laid eggs, the yolk and white separate; when each are well beaten, mix them with the tomato—put them in a pan, and heat them up, you have a fine omelet.

Harvest Drink.—Mix with five gallons good, cool water, half a gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces powdered ginger. This will make not only a very pleasant beverage, but one highly invigorating and healthful.

Apples for Stock.—Under this head, a "practical farmer," in the Boston Cultivator, says: "Last year I butchered a hog, sixteen months old, which weighed 500 pounds. *For some weeks before bringing him to the tub, he ate nothing but boiled apples.*" Corn meal was offered him, but refused; the pork was of the best quality, and though the moon was not consulted in killing him, the

"Meat ne'er shrunk a bit i' the pot."

Sore throat in Swine.—Turn animals so affected, into an open pasture, where there is fresh feed, and ground to root. It is a disease resulting, generally, from confinement. Pounded charcoal, mixed with food, where pasture cannot be had, or room for exercise, is one of the best preventives of disease in swine.—*Farmer's Gazette.*

Tomatoes a cure for Scours in Pigs.—This plant, the tomato, is generally, at first, disliked by many; but it nevertheless is much cultivated and admired. Last fall, we had a pig that was taken with the scours badly. We tried various remedies for it, but with little effect. One day we threw over to it two or three tomatoes, which it ate readily, and which we found gave it relief. By following this course a few days, it was finally cured.—*Maine Farmer.*

Cheap Bed.—In Spain and Portugal, beds are made of the husks of corn, which are very durable, convenient, and healthy. These beds are made in the following manner:—The husks are gathered as soon as they are ripe, and on a clean, dry day. The outer husks are rejected, and the softer, inner ones are collected and dried in the shade, and when dry, the hard ends that were attached to the cob are cut off. They are then drawn through a hatchel or comb, so as to cut them into narrow slips. These, enclosed in a sack, or formed into a mattress like prepared hair, will be found almost equal to the best moss or hair mattresses, and are so durable, that with any ordinary care they will last from five to ten years. These beds could be easily made in this country, and would be found far more pleasant, comfortable, and healthy, than beds made with moss, hair, or feathers. We have seen husk beds in this country; but they were so uncomfortable, that we should suppose the makers had stuffed into them not only the hardest outer husks, but cobs and stalks likewise; of course they were unfit for use; but if they had been prepared according to the above directions, they would have been found pleasant and comfortable.—*Houston Telegraph.*

Making Butter.—Mr. Were, of London, who has been, for more than thirty years, engaged in the butter trade of that city, has furnished a paper to the New Farmer's Journal, on the best methods of preparing and keeping butter, from which we extract the following:

"Solidity and firmness is, I think, of more consequence than is generally allowed; the nearer butter can be made of the consistency of wax, the longer it will retain its flavor. * * * To accomplish this object, I recommend salting the *cream*, by putting in rather more fine table salt than is used when applied *after churning*, because a part will be left with the buttermilk; or, instead of salt, use strong, clear brine, to mix with the cream or butter. * * * Brine is preferable to salt, as the butter is smoother and better flavored. If salt be used, it may be in the proportion of half an ounce of fine, dry, table salt, mixed with two drachms of saltpetre, and two drachms of sugar, both made fine, to every pound of butter. If the butter be made into lumps for the market, I should recommend that each lump be wrapped round with a piece of calico, soaked in brine, (made from fine, dry salt,) that will carry an egg; for if the brine is weak, it will be injurious. If the butter is put into a firkin, the cask should be made of white oak, ash, sycamore, or beach, well seasoned, by scalding out several times with hot brine, made from pure and clean salt. If very choice butter, I would recommend a salt cloth around the butter, also on the top and bottom; the cloth to be kept in its place by a hoop, which can be removed as the cask fills."

Mr. Were deprecates the use of the hand in making butter; and recommends the use of wooden pats, not unlike our farmers' wives' ladles, for beating out the buttermilk, or packing in casks. "These pats must be always (except when in the hand for use) kept in a tub of cold, fresh water, which will prevent the adhering of the butter, and keep them cool."

Miscellaneous Items.

Thieves cheated.—The French papers give the following story: "Six hundred negroes had been sold by an American slave-dealer, in Cuba; but in three weeks after the sale, they all disappeared in one night. It was afterwards discovered that the 600 pretended negroes had sailed for Jamaica, taking their places as—white passengers! The fact is, they had stained their skins with nitrate of silver, (lunar caustic,) to pass for blacks; a fraud deposed to by a chemist, who had sold the commodity."

Charles Dickens.—We learn from the Inverness Courier, that the return of this popular author to his native land, was marked by a domestic incident of painful interest. Immediately on their arrival in London, the happy parents rushed to see their children. A fine boy, six years old, was roused from his sleep for the purpose; and no sooner had the little fellow caught a glimpse of the faces so much endeared to him, and so long absent, than he burst into a transport of delight, which it was found impossible to repress. Joy was now converted into grief. The delirium continued, and on Friday several physicians were in attendance, almost despairing of recovery. Powerful means were applied; and on Saturday he was so much better that his speedy restoration is anticipated.

Emigration to Wiskonsan.—The Cleveland Herald says, the tide of emigration through the Lake channel this season, is setting into Wiskonsan territory, with great force. The rich farming lands of the territory offer great inducements to agriculturalists; and as yet no State indebtedness threatens high taxation. A sample of the "crowd" is given in the last Southport American, which says:

"We are told that in Milwaukie the emigrants have to lodge in the streets; in Racine, every tavern is crowded; in Southport, the taverns are full; there is scarcely a room to let; and one house has, we believe, thirty families in the chambers."

Crops.—The Rochester, (N. Y.) correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says: "Should the same favorable season remain for another week, one of the greatest harvests will have been gathered which perhaps has ever been seen in this part of the country. The very earth seems as if it might groan beneath its weight. When this enormous mass of production gets fairly in the market, it will call out many millions of dollars, and of course cancel a vast deal of indebtedness."

Deplorable Loss.—Mr. Catherwood suffered severely when the New-York rotunda was consumed by lightning. Four of his grand panoramas were destroyed, viz: Jerusalem and Thebes, which were in exhibition, and Lima, and another, which lay on the floor, rolled up. Also drawings, collected by years of toil, from different parts of the world; and nearly all the drawings and objects of curiosity collected by Messrs. Catherwood and Stephens, from Central America.

New Work.—During his residence in Spain, it is stated that Washington Irving will avail himself of the facilities afforded to him by his position, to prepare his long-contemplated history of Mexico.

Remarkable Preservation from Death.—Mr. Phineas Strong, of Southampton, Mass. on the 23d ult. fell upon a pitchfork, one of the tines of which penetrated his body about 12 inches—the whole length of the tine—yet, strange to say, he is likely to recover. It entered about three inches below the ribs, on the left side, taking an upward direction, and piercing the lower part of the left lobe of the lungs.

Cheap Travelling.—Emigrants may now come from Europe, and pass four hundred miles into the interior of the new world, for seven dollars. We dare say that the provisions for the voyage often cost as little as the passage; so that fifteen dollars covers the whole, and leaves a dollar for accidents.—*Journal of Commerce.*

FREE LABOR DRY GOODS,

Manufactured by the American Free Produce Association.

MANCHESTER ginghams, two qualities, and various patterns; checks, aprons, and furniture, four qualities and prices; canton flannel, bleached and unbleached, two qualities; muslin; bleached and unbleached shirtings, two qualities; thin muslin for linings, brown, bleached, and colored; table diaper, 7-4 and 8-4 (bird-eye,) brown and bleached; table diaper, 7-4 and 8-4, huckaback bird-eye towels; buff pantaloon stripes; fancy do. do. various patterns; black and white wadding; cotton laps, or batts; cotton yarn, assorted numbers; lamp wick; bed ticking, an excellent article; callicoes.

On hand and for sale, wholesale, by
J. MILLLER M'KIM, 31 N. Fifth Street,
And retail, by
LYDIA WHITE, 219 N. Second Street.

The increased facilities for the transaction of business, afforded by the appointment of J. M. M'Kim, as wholesale agent, it is hoped will induce country storekeepers and others to increase their purchases. Orders for goods, or letters desiring information, may be addressed to the agent, or either of the committee.

William C. Betts, No. 43 Cherry Street.
Daniel L. Miller, Jr. No. 250 Arch St., or to
James Mott, No. 35 Church alley,
Committee on Manufactures.

8th mo. 4th, 1842.

FREE-LABOR GOODS,

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CALICOES, small and large figures; 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 unbleached Muslins; do. do. do. bleached Muslins; super Manchester Ginghams; 3-4 and 4-4 colored Muslins; 7-8 and 4-4 Bed Tickings; Canton Flannel, bleached and unbleached; Cotton Laps and Wadding, low price; bleached and unbleached and colored Knitting Cotton; Cotton Yarn; Manchester Stripe, for men's wear; Apron Checks and Furniture Checks. Also, a full assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Linen Sheetings and Shirtings, Grass Cloth Hdkfs., Mouslin de Laines, and Silks.

Persons from a distance, (store-keepers in particular,) wishing any of the above goods can have them sent, by forwarding their orders, and at the lowest prices at which they can be afforded.

N. B.—The above cotton goods are all warranted to be *free from Slave Labor.* Persons wishing to purchase can have full evidence of the fact.

CHARLES WISE,
N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth street
Philadelphia, 1st mo., 13th, 1842.

Free-Labor Goods.

Calicoes, muslins, bedticking, canton flannel, white and brown sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, &c. Wholesale and retail, by CHARLES COLLINS.
No. 3 Cherry-street, New-York.

5th mo. 3d, 1842.

General Agency and Intelligence Office.

No. 95 South Sixth street.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public, and especially that portion of it residing in Pennsylvania, that he still continues the Intelligence Office at the old stand; where prompt and satisfactory attention will be paid to all those, who may honor him with their patronage. All persons wishing to obtain help or employment, in any honorable occupation, will find it for their interest to send, or call. Particular attention will be paid to school teachers, and those in want of their services. Land sold or exchanged; rents and bills collected, &c. &c.

All letters, post paid, attended to.
JOSHUA COFFIN.

References.—Rev. Thomas Brainard, Rev. Wm. H. Turner, Samuel Rush, Esq. Philadelphia. Isaac T. Hopper, and James S. Gibbons, New-York.

Philadelphia, July 14th, 1842.

FREE LABOR BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE subscriber notifies his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand, at the most reasonable prices, a large assortment of WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, of every description, and best materials, and entirely free from the contamination of slave labor.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS will do well to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

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